

The TATLER

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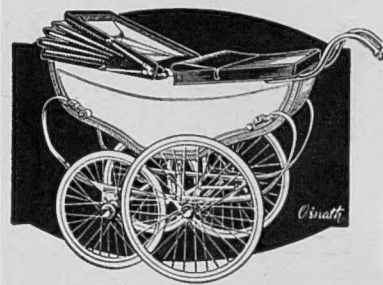


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The TATTLER

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Cecil Beaton

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN: A PALACE PORTRAIT

The stately furnishings of a Buckingham Palace drawing-room provide an appropriate background for Her Majesty's distinguished beauty in this new portrait. Nowadays, however, the Queen is more often to be seen in the workmanlike surroundings of the palace room in which she leads a party of ladies and palace employees in preparing comforts for the troops or out among the various women's National Service centres to which she sets such a splendid example. Some more pictures of the Queen appear on the centre double page in this issue



ISABEL JEANS AND THE HON. PETER GRAVES

At the Princes Theatre, Bristol, where they were playing, most successfully, in Ivor Novello's new play *Second Helping*. Peter Graves is Lord (Tommy) Graves's only son. *Second Helping* is at the Streatham Hill Theatre this week, and will later be seen at a West End Theatre

"The dogs bark but the caravan passes by."
(A favourite proverb of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith.)

THE cats, including Toms, hiss now and then either because we have not mentioned their unimportant excursions, or again because we have; conversely it builds us up to receive by the *Lisbon Clipper* (on which Ambassador Kennedy went West in Gilbert Miller's witty company) a letter from a finger-on-pulse-of-nation American (neither Lindbergh nor Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones, but one whom modesty prevents me from naming, although this unusual reticence gives those whom the Western Brothers would address as "you cads" the chance to call it a bluff). "We read you regularly, and think you give the best impression of England that is available here. It is a pity that everybody couldn't get THE TATLER to see how England is carrying on normally, or do I mean 'morale-ly.' People are very much down on the most propagandist type of British lecturer at the moment, notably including Alfred Duff Cooper. Even Lord Lothian who realized he should keep quiet, found himself committed to one Pilgrim's, or English Speaking Union Dinner, and said a little too much." Enough sugar in my coffee. More *Americana* from Del Monte, Cal. where Eric Tyrell-Martin is still playing polo, the British Embassy having persuaded him to cease making a patriotic nuisance of himself in Washington, whither he flew

PILOT OFFICER AND
MRS. BEVAN-JOHN

Taken after their recent marriage at Dorrington, Lincolnshire. The bridegroom was the pilot in the seaplane which so gallantly rescued the crew of the *Kensington Court* some weeks ago

And the World Said—



Hay Wrightson

MISS MARYE POLE-CAREW

Daughter of the beautiful Lady Beatrice and the late Lieutenant-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew. Her sister, Victoria, married Peter du Cane, late R.N., now R.A.F., another brother is the present Sir John Carew-Pole, Bart.

on the outbreak, all set for home and duty. Eric's boss, the picturesque ex-cow puncher and redoubtable Yale footballer, Sam Morse (whose grandfather, a famous American portrait painter, invented the system of signalling by telegraph called after him) has been giving trenchant interviews to the San Francisco Press as follows: "The only thing that will get us into war is Germany's success. The best way, therefore, to keep out is to have the Allies win as promptly as possible. The best way to accomplish this is to sell them anything they want as long as they can pay for it, and after that, if the war isn't yet won, give them what ever they require." American polo-player "Laddie" Sanford has come into a fortune on the death of that sturdy old sportsman Mr. Sanford, senior, who bred some notable horses. Mrs. Seton Lindsay (a Baltimore belle of the Duchess of Windsor's generation), who used to hunt with the Sanfords and to commute between New York, London, Ireland and Newmarket before this war, says "New York is its smug good-time self, but poor little Bermuda, where we have just been on holiday, is working like mad making knit goods as there are hardly any tourists owing to lack of ships." The Lindsays are busy on emergency equipment for

the American Hospital in Paris, which takes us back to Neuilly-sur-Seine where several units of beautiful ambulance drivers are commanded by Madame Thion de la Chaume, winner of the British Ladies' Open in '28 when she was the youthful Mlle Manette La Blan. Frenchwomen were distinctly shy about wearing uniforms, but this corps of volunteers is not unnaturally proud of its chic, though khaki, uniform, completed by a sporty cap known as a *bonnet de police*. Drivers recruited from *Tout Paris* include the attractive bi-lingual Princesse Thérèse de Caraman-Chimay whose brother, a son-in-law of Lord Ernest Hamilton, served in The Scots Guards in the Great War. Even the merest *midinette* knows that Mrs. Reginald Fellowes has long been labelled the best-dressed woman in the world, while the *beau monde* is awake to her wit, and other dominant characteristics, but that she can knit makes news. At a dress show where every *abri* suit was either *bleu alerte* or *bleu air-force* (the new old blues) La Daisy never dropped her fawn's eyes from the models, or a stitch. *En plus*, Mr. Harrison Williams, the husband of the second best-dressed woman, has offered the French Army two hundred thousand American blankets. The whole question of taking shelter has had unforeseen effect on that irascible race, the Paris *concierge*; instead of small talk limited to grumbling darkly at the weather—("ah, *ce qu'il fait lourd*" even when snow is falling)—*concierges* of buildings which do not possess officially approved refuges of their own make almost merry recounting the flattering invitations received from neighbours—"Il faut venir chez nous, Madame, vous verrez comme c'est bien." And war conditions are simplifying modes and manners in other groups; hostesses have become

has taken on a lease of evening life, as has the St. Regis in Cork Street, W.1, where a new dinner-dance-cabaret service opened recently. Mrs. Corrigan's super mobile field canteen makes a Parisian topic, as does the Lafayette Fund which sends



A.T.S. CHIEF CONTROLLER

Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, seen at her desk in the War Office, is, as Chief Controller of the A.T.S., the moving spirit of the present recruiting drive which aims to get 20,000 more members for this very valuable organization



Compton Collier

LADY DE RAMSEY AND DAUGHTER

Lord de Ramsey's wife is the daughter of Mr. Frank Labouchere and a granddaughter of the late Sir Godfrey Stirling. Her daughter was born last year. Lord de Ramsey, who is the third holder of the title, is serving in the army

accustomed to being asked to bring "a dozen forks because the silver is in the country," while "*venez dîner, nous avons une bonne cave*" has no bearing on vintages. Aside from informal parties *chez soi*, there is a good deal of going out to restaurants; the Ritz, where Mrs. George Keppel has been staying, is blooming, also the *Tout Paris*, while the *Rélais-Plaza*, always a distinguished place to lunch,

little less dull. We should thank *le bon Dieu* that in both our dearly-loved and comparatively free countries young women are still tying impossible bandages on the unlikely portions of aggressively, whole limbs. The contrast from twenty-five years ago is infinitely more remarkable there than here; in September '14 the British Ambassador had accepted the offer of M. Georges Guestier's house at Bordeaux where embassies and legations spread as far out as Arcachon (whose present mayor, Député M. Pierre Dignac, was then defending his *Patrie*) while every soul left in Paris had made ready for the siege which was only avoided by the Miracle of the Marne. The streets were not lighted at all; it was *défendu* to cook by gas, and every *café* had to shut at eight. No one was allowed to pass *les fortifs* between six in the morning and eight at night, and already, in the sixth week of the war, a *Taube* had dropped bombs several days in succession, narrowly missing Notre Dame and the Opera. The wounded were returning in thousands from a tragic drama unparalleled even by the Polish campaign of another September, then in the womb of time. I wonder if you agree with me that the Polish Ambassador possesses the most mellifluous voice and touching accent of any wireless spokesman; that "*Polonaise*" by Martin Hare (Countess Zajdlerowa) is a revealing little novel about Warsaw before the war, and that we should all say prayers for that brave spirit, Mayor "Stefan," who is reported to have been interned in Dachau, the dreaded camp from which the aforementioned Lady Doverdale succeeded in extracting an Austrian friend by means which will make a good story *après la guerre*. Perhaps we are all too optimistic about the span of the



SOUTHDOWN HUNT PRESENTATION

When the Southdown Hunt met at Firle Place, near Lewes, the home of Lord and Lady Gage, recently, a presentation of a fox, in silver, was made by Lady Gage to the joint-Master, Captain F. W. Hartman, who is retiring

And the World Said—*continued*

duration. It is salutary to recall that at Easter, 1915 many French newspapers envisaged a speedy victory. For Parisians a feature of that first Eastertide of the Great War was an organized excursion to Senlis, to see what the Germans had done to this pleasant little town just beyond the *banlieu*. In the early and comparatively carefree 'Thirties Senlis was to become the scene of an *alfresco* Tyrolean party given by Mrs. Woolley-Hart at which thunder and lightning raged louder than a battle, and Erskine Gwynne wore shorts made of a roulette table cover with *en plein* at strategic points. The aggravation of Nicky de Gunzbourg's perpetually pained expression as the heavens opened is another throw-back. Later Louis Bromfield and his cheerful family established their Sunday circus at Senlis for those lions not already engaged at Versailles, where Lady Mendl's chairs were decorated with tigers' spots years before zebra upholstery was to characterize El Morocco, but decades after the tiger-skin limerick commemorating a successful novel by Elinor Glyn. Does your memory err? And have you heard the one about Hitler's moustache being like a buttonhole in a very shabby fur coat? The following story is true; a friend of mine who runs a sewing party in a place where there is no convenient canteen or tea shop, supplies her gilded lilies with cardboard game boxes to bring their own sandwiches. One day a very lovely helper said she was taking the afternoon off as her brother was on leave from his training camp and, picking up a cardboard box disappeared in an aura of Guerlain. (The wrong box of course.) When later my girl friend decided to avoid starvation by eating the remaining snack she found the sisterly one's box contained no "vittles" but various toilet aids and one exquisite chiffon nightgown.

* * * Before leaving for the "Western" Front I draw your wandering attention to a gala dinner at the Florida on December 14, destined to raise funds for two more ambulances to complete Sir Robert and Lady Hadfield's mechanized unit which is to cross the Channel under the ægis of Brigadier Edward Spears and Mary Borden. So far the Hadfields have provided everything. Their committee includes Lord and Lady Beauchamp, invariably helpful and good humoured. The Gordon Halseys are arranging a cocktail party before the party proper to enable those participating to acquire a genial outlook. No stretcher cases need apply. But black sheep should answer an S O S from Lady Malden and Mrs. "Robin" Van den Bergh who ask for wool. With wool at eightpence an ounce, generous gifts are needed if their husbands' regiment is to receive sufficient comforts. Each of their knitters adopts a soldier and guarantees to supply him with comforts for the winter—the personal touch. The advantage of this mothering system is that knitting done to individual measurements removes the *raison d'être* of painful jokes about misfits. In spite of repeated measuring the amber yellow jersey which Lady Carnarvon has made her husband for Christmas is more suited in amplitude to Mr. "Cardie" Montagu, a great pal of the house, but no doubt in time "Tilly" will become as expert as another knitting beauty, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who is preparing, somewhere in the country, for a companion for Frances. Somewhere in the West Country I visited certain sectors where intense activity prevails, but the chronicler is inhibited by "you won't say where we are will you, or which, when, or with whom?" At an enormous R.A.F. camp the huts, dry and comfortable, gain an air of permanency from their newly-turned flower beds, moist as the prevailing wind. The officers' mess was nicely

got up with cream walls, inoffensive furniture and no tiresome feminine touches. I found enthusiasm for billiards and for THE TATLER's "Bubble and Squeak." Hitler did not get a mention. Taken to see some of the four thousand youthful aircraftmen, grinning like schoolboys, it being on the verge of Saturday afternoon, I felt reassured that not only must Germany eventually lose, but if she tries any funny bombing business she will get much better than she gives. These boys may not be such huskies as Hitler's strength-through-hard-labour conscripts, many being small and light, but imbued with the optimism of the volunteer, they have something so gay, capable and assured that I must be excused for this "our brave boys" strain which is anathema to the R.A.F. As "Break" (Pilot Sergeant T. K. Breakell who is living in a caravan and teaching navigation) remarked when we saw one batch off to another course—"Goering hasn't got boys like those: Germany will never have boys like those." Perhaps Germany, like the Englishman at the end of the Scotsman's toast, would cap this by thanking the Deity, particularly as the blighters were doing their best to miss the train, finally running after it amid cracks from those already aboard. A seemingly casual and disorganized procedure, but (a) the train left on time, (b) everybody caught it. An interesting

personality thereabouts is Squadron Leader McClean Vincent who foresaw a comparative stalemate in the air six months before the war; his theory being that whereas the Germans were longing to bomb the almost defenceless Poles, they would not attack the Allies intensively, fearing reprisals. He believes Germany will only bomb like fury when all other means prove abortive. Another child actor in the last struggle, Squadron Leader Neville Cumming (who flew the first "Clipper" from New York to Bermuda) would make an easy subject for "Mel" as he resembles a youthful edition of the Rumanian statesman, M. Titulescu. The flying actor Flight Lieutenant N. E. Maitland, who was in the Seaforth's: Wing Commander A. W. Gray who was in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Wing Commander J. M. Glaisher who smiles differently on each side of his face, also gave your columnist cordial co-operation. Later I found myself among the khaki audience at the Princes Theatre, Bristol, which has gilt, plush and histrionic atmosphere. Also enjoying the new Novello were Squadron Leader "Dick" Bentley, the "Freddie" Camerons and Mr. O. K. Platts, a business magnate who had attended a cocktail party for

sixty given by Mrs. "Tom" Garnett in the Happy Valley which is not only located in Kenya Colony, but also between Bristol and Weston-super-Mare. Many of its light-hearted inhabitants hunt with Mr. A. M. Wilmot's celebrated Weston Harriers. *Second Helping*, now delighting Streatham Hill, is a bedroom farce (with A.R.P. curtains) which glitters with lines outwitting Noel Coward. Dorothy Dickson as "the richest girl in the world" manages to look like Barbara Hutton; that Harrovian good actor Martin Walker like a youthful Lord Tennyson; Isabel Jeans is even better cast than in *The Man in Possession*. The author's impersonation of a Welsh waiter was passed as perfection by Bristolians who are near enough (the air service to Cardiff taking ten minutes) to judge.

* * * In our last issue we described Miss Irene Mann Thompson as Mrs. Albert Vickers. Flying Officer Vickers who was her fiancé was unfortunately recently killed in an aircraft accident. We very deeply regret our error and sincerely apologize for the inconvenience and annoyance caused by this mistatement.



THE HON. ALICE VERNON WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Lord and Lady Vernon's only daughter's engagement to Mr. Francis Marten was announced on November 23. The bridegroom-elect is the elder son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. F. A. Marten. The admiral is a former joint-Master of the Cotswold hounds. He retired from the navy in 1928

THE
DUKE OF
KENT
SPENDS
HIS SHORT
LEAVE
WITH HIS
CHILDREN



THE DUKE AND
DUCHESS OF KENT
WITH PRINCESS
ALEXANDRA



THE DUKE WATCHES HIS SON PLAYING WITH HIS BLOCKS

When the Duke of Kent got short leave from his naval duties, he and the duchess, who is very busy doing National Service work, went down to the West Country to see their children, who were evacuated on the outbreak of war. The Duke and Duchess found both Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra obviously very well and enjoying their stay in a new location, and a very happy family reunion resulted as witness these charming pictures taken during the short time the duke was able to spare



LORETTA YOUNG AND DAVID
NIVEN IN "ETERNALLY YOURS"

Eternally Yours was the film David Niven made just before his latest, *Raffles*, started, before he sped home to join up for service in any unit into which he could get. He arrived last weekend and has said that he would prefer the R.A.F., but failing that, his old regiment, the H.L.I.

GOLDEN BOY was an unsatisfactory stage play which contrived to make a thoroughly satisfying evening in the theatre. Its excellence was in its wealth of characters recognizably true to life but unhackneyed on the stage, and all of them magnificently acted. The unsatisfactoriness of the play was due to the fact that its author, Mr. Clifford Odets, had not made up his mind what story he was going to tell. The golden boy of the title was postulated as a two-sided genius; he was alleged to play the fiddle like Menuhin and to box like Eric Boon. I see no harm in this supposition, the parallel in real life being Maeterlinck who is a first-class playwright and was at one time very nearly a first-class boxer. Now Joe Bonaparte, as the golden boy was called, had his soul in the concert platform, but being the son of a small shopkeeper and bitterly resenting poverty he followed where his business instincts led, and that was in the direction of the boxing ring. This clash being stated, along what lines must Mr. Odets's drama proceed? The most obvious line would be that the boxer should break his wrist. Whereby both careers go west. That, however, would be no more than a tragic anecdote, and more is to be looked for from one of the bright particular stars of the New York Group Theatre and the author of *Waiting for Lefty* and *Awake and Sing*.

Actually Mr. Odets had recourse to the old theme of frustration. The boy, while making the fortune which was to permit him to express his soul in music, must despise himself for descending to the boxing ring. But here another difficulty presented itself. There is nothing despicable about boxing *per se*. Wherefore if the frustration theme is to be valid, the boy must descend to crooked boxing. Which again was too commonplace for Mr. Odets. So he hit on the notion of making the boy kill his opponent, who must conveniently suffer from a weak heart. Even so, this was only another and more tragic anecdote, but not a *play*. By this time Mr. Odets was well into his third act, and I take it that out of sheer nerves he dispatched on a fatal motor drive the boy together with his sweetheart who, with intervals of coming unstuck, had stuck to him through the pugilistic thick and the musical thin. It being now eleven o'clock, the audience emerged into the lighted streets in a state of spiritual blackout.

Now it is a rule of the cinema that films must end happily, the only modern exception that I remember being *Dark Victory*. Wherefore the film of *Golden Boy* at the Regal the other evening proceeded not only merrily as a wedding

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

"Golden Boy" Again

bell, but merrily to quite a lot of wedding bells! The Golden Boy not only manslaughtered the Chocolate Drop after one of the most exciting bouts of boxing I have ever seen on the screen, but broke his wrist into the bargain. Whereupon his sweetheart gathered him in her arms, brushed aside the question of the broken wrist, and bade him look forward to the time when he would be playing the Mendelssohn, the Beethoven, and the Brahms concerto in the course of a single melodious afternoon. Whereupon the audience emerged into the blackout happy as sand boys and prepared to fall over multitudinous sandbags. And I am afraid I don't regard it all as any better drama than the play itself.

The trouble with Mr. Odets, as I see it, is that he is a modern, and the trouble with the moderns is that they scorn to take tips from the old 'uns. I recognize that Mr. Odets is not to be held responsible for anything which happens in the film. At the same time he is responsible for what happened in his play, and I suggest that it would have done him a world of good if he had re-read, or possibly merely read, a letter which R. L. Stevenson wrote to J. M. Barrie criticizing the author's "The Little Minister." Stevenson wrote:

"The Little Minister" ought to have ended badly; we all know it *did*, and we are infinitely grateful to you for the grace and good feeling with which you have lied about it. If you had told the truth, I for one could never have forgiven you. As you had conceived and written the earlier parts, the truth about the end, though indisputably true to fact, would have been a lie, or what is worse, a discord, in art. If you are going to make a book end badly, it must end badly from the beginning. Now, your book began to end well. You let yourself fall in love with, and fondle, and smile at your puppets. Once you had done that, your honour was committed—at the cost of truth to life you were bound to save them. It is the blot on "Richard Feverel," for instance, that it begins to end well; and then tricks you and ends ill. But in this case, there is worse behind, for the ill ending does not inherently issue from the plot—the story had, in fact, ended well after the great last interview between Richard and Lucy—and the blind, illogical bullet which smashes all has no more to do between the boards than a fly has to do with a room into whose open window it comes buzzing. It might have so happened; it needed not; and unless needs must, we have no right to pain our readers.

And I shall add that unless a play is bound to end well from the beginning, the dramatist has no right to make it end happily. As I see it, the difficulty with *Golden Boy* is that it wasn't bound to end either happily or unhappily. It started with a theme which looked promising, but which was without the seeds of fulfilment. Stevenson told the author of "The Little Minister" that he had been "frightfully unconscientious." Which permits me to whisper to Mr. Odets that if he had been at all conscientious he would have scrapped the story of *Golden Boy* altogether and found some other setting for the very remarkable characters which the play contained. All the same the film, like the play, is exceedingly well worth seeing. Comparisons are odious, and in any case there is not a great deal to choose between the cast we may now see at the Regal and that which we saw at the St. James's last year. The new-comer, Will Holden, who plays the boxer, Lee Cobb as old Bonaparte, the boxer's father, Adolphe Menjou as the promoter, and Joseph Calleia as the interfering crook are certainly good enough judged by any standards.

The scope of Frank Capra's latest film, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, can be illustrated by the fact that it required no fewer than 168 speaking parts to bring out this story of a small-town youth suddenly thrust into the seats of the mighty. And these parts are in addition to the actual featured roles, the latter played by stars including Edward Arnold, Thomas Mitchell, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, Ruth Donnelly, Eugene Pallette, Beulah Bondi and Harry Carey

PUTTIN' 'EM UP FOR THE RED CROSS



AT THE N.S.C.: LADY ELEANOR SMITH, LORD AND LADY QUEENSBERRY AND LORD CASTLEROSSE



MR. SHERIFF DENNIS LOWSON AND LORD ILIFFE



LADY PRESCOTT, THE HON. MRS. PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE AND SIR GEORGE PRESCOTT



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JACK GANNON, LORD LONDONDERRY AND LORD DUNSFORD



GENERAL SIR WALTER KIRKE, C.-IN-C. HOME FORCES, AND SIR RONALD GRAHAM



MR. B. BEBB, MRS. M. HARGROVE AND MR. G. B. ISMAY



LORD WIGRAM AND MR. ROUS

All these distinguished people were snapped at Earls Court the night that Arthur Danahar beat Roderick, Britain's welter-weight champion, for the benefit of the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance funds, and if the house is any sort of index of the gate there ought to have been a real packet in the bag. It is often quite stupid to ask, "What's in a name?" Almost every name in this choice collection has a story well known to most of us. The C.-in-C. Home Forces, the 'C.I.G.S.' Hurlingham (Colonel Jack Gannon), a motor-racing ace (Sir Malcolm) and such outstanding regulars at the ringside as Lord Queensberry and Lord Castlerosse. Sir Ronald Graham who is seen with General Sir Walter Kirke was the British Ambassador to Rome during some very difficult years in international relations. The contests, as is common knowledge, were under the banner of the National Sporting Club



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL AND SIR ALAN GORDON



MR. AND MRS. THOMAS CLYDE
AT WINDSOR STEEPLCHASES

Mrs. Clyde is the daughter of Lord and Lady Gerald Wellesley, and was married in London on November 18. Mr. Thomas Clyde is in the Household Cavalry, and is a son of Mr. W. P. Clyde of New York. Lord Gerald Wellesley is a brother of the Duke of Wellington

WARS vary a lot, and yet of each one presumably people say, "What an odd war."

Up till nearly the Boer War the whole shooting match had been solid masses of men got up like fireworks in full dress, loosing off chain shot and rockets at each other at 100 yards rise, or charging according to pictures on faultlessly turned out thoroughbred horses. The officers' wives came out to the campaign, though having danced all night they were mercifully too tired to walk with the guns in the morning. Such bad form as inter-army bickering after nightfall was just not done. "The bugles sang truce for the night cloud had lowered," and the brutal and licentious soldiery grounding arms as quickly as trade unionists down tools on hearing the hooter, made for the nearest *estaminet*. The officers having found out what time the war would start again in the morning pushed off in an awful twitter that their Dundrearys wouldn't be in curl for the party.

A shot fired after dark, despite all apologies, would have influenced the neutrals as much as a full-sized air raid on an open town today. All this was considered perfectly normal. Any other kind of war would have been odd till the Boer War came along with its caddish sniping, surprises and night raids. However, as practically all those who escaped enteric came safely home as bronzed heroes, war was looked on as rather a sporting sort of show without which no gentleman's education was complete. Having, to start with, looked on this as

Racing Ragout

an odd war, it became the standard form of war. All army text books were based on it and the British Army was apparently to look on anything except Boers as "riot." Artillery practice camps were always carried out in open hilly country, where a good view of everything could be obtained; and on asking, as a very junior subaltern, what happened in a flat country with hedges or other obstructions to vision, I nearly got my leave stopped for irreverence. Wars were always fought in open hilly country and if people didn't come and fight there they could dam' well be scratched! Judge of how odd we considered the next war, when those frightful German outsiders did fight in a flat country, and troops which had been brought up as stalkers and snipers had to walk slowly across a couple of hundred yards of open, with mud up to their hocks to attack earthworks and barbed wire. In their turn they stood up to their necks in mud and blew up the other side.

The secret weapon of the previous war, the "pom-pom" was produced to shoot at the new weapon, the aeroplane, as fast as a modern glider. Every shell which missed—and they all did!—fell on some luckless bloke on the same side. A Maurice Farman biplane then came and took it on, as the observers shot at each other with pistols and Very lights and anything they could throw.

With all those secret weapons as obsolete as Hannibal's elephants, and far more desperate ones having taken their places, is it really so odd that waves of men are not sent to attack ten miles depth of wire obstacles, concrete and mines? After all, when you boil it down wars are started entirely for the purposes of trade, commerce and finance, and fear of the infringements thereof; and it is really logical that trade, commerce and finance should be able to take the greatest part in the war through economic blockade. It

was that that won the last war, and as each weapon meets its antidote, so intensive sea warfare against all sea-borne trade is the German trial antidote to the blockade. The weapon against this again is the staggering courage and endurance of our seafaring men of all shapes, sizes, ranks and denominations, and from the look of it no one will ever find the antidote to defeat that.

* * *

The Officer-in-Charge, Army Comforts, asks that people should be apprised of the following facts—and we feel sure that no one will need reminding twice. Knitted woollen comforts are still needed for the army in France. Will kind donors dispatch their gifts at once to Army Comforts Depot, St. Mary's Butts, Reading. It is especially requested when sending donations or comforts, donors will send inside their letter or parcel their name and address. This depot has been unable to acknowledge many gifts for lack of this information.

The things most needed are these: all wool articles must be khaki colour (grey socks preferred), mittens, mufflers, socks, helmets, pullovers (with or without sleeves), dominoes, draughts and boards, mouth-organs, chocolate (slabs in cartons), sweets in tins, playing cards, razor blades, soap and shaving soap, dark coloured handkerchiefs, money donations for tobacco and cigarettes, which will be expended in dispatching them free of duty.

* * *

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently need £13 for three old sisters all over seventy years, living together on £2 a week between them. One sister is totally blind, another was an artist, and the other was a secretary to a dentist in Paris. They endeavour to assist a widowed sister living nearby, who has had a stroke and barely exists on a small pension. Please help the Friends of the Poor to help these poor souls.



ALSO WENT CHASING AT WINDSOR

Mr. and Mrs. Dare Wigham, he being in a famous unit of the Brigade of Guards, with which and the Household Cavalry the Windsor gallery was not unnaturally pretty well salted. A whole page of other snapshots appear elsewhere in this issue

STEEPLECHASING AT WINDSOR



THE HON. J. J. ASTOR AND MISS JANE KENYON-SLANEY



MR. HARRY LLEWELLYN, LADY MARGARET OGILVIE, AND MISS DINAH BRAND



MISS PARKS AND MR. WORRALL IN THE PADDOCK



THE HON. MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON WITH HER SON "TEDDY"



MISS PEGGY HAMILTON, MR. MARK PILKINGTON, MRS. RUPERT BYASS, AND F./O. LANGLANDS



LORD AND LADY PORTMAN AT THE MEETING

A real bumper gallery, any amount of runners, and a blood-scrap for the prize in almost every race, so what more could be asked? In one of the close contests the winner was very lucky. "Dominick's Cross" would not have won the Club 'Chase if "Red Freeman's" rider had not followed the example of the luckless Mrs. Lot. As to the fashion note, khaki was in much favour with both new and old wearers. Lord and Lady Astor's youngest son and the Hon. George and Mrs. Lambton's among the former; also Mr. Worrall, who is in the Brigade, and Mr. Mark Pilkington; but it is no novelty to Lord Portman or F./O. Langlands. However, mufti or battle clothes, a good time was had by one and all, which is the only thing that really matters, especially in these flaming times

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

An Old Love-Story.

MISS ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE'S "A Regency Chapter" (Macmillan; 16s.) is a charming book. It may not always be strictly accurate as history, but it is a very interesting study of two famous lovers and the period in which they lived. Lady Bessborough was the writer of some of the most enchanting letters in our literature, and most of these letters were written to Lord Granville. This book, then, is the story of their love-affair, and a very endearing story it is. Not, perhaps, a strictly moral one, since there was a Lord Bessborough and children; but morality is rather a question of the spirit than of the law. In any case, Lord Bessborough was such a shadowy person that no woman of merit—and his wife was certainly a woman of merit—could have counted him among her laws of connubial conduct. As the sister of the renowned Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and the mother of the notorious Lady Caroline Lamb, there was in her blood something which transcended prudence for the sake of safety. She was beautiful, but probably her real fascination lay in her intelligence, combined with a kindness of heart which often succeeded in winning over her enemies and in keeping even her disappointed lovers still her friends.

If, as she described Lord Granville, he was a "born husband," she, too, was a born wife and mother—but only in a happy marriage. Her own marriage was really no marriage at all. She met the man she ought to have married too late, and even so, he was twelve years her junior. Not so dangerous a discrepancy in ages as appears on paper, but one which needed, on the woman's side, an infinite amount of tact, an equally infinite amount of understanding—which, maybe, is the soul of tactfulness. Lady Bessborough had both—and well she needed them! It is always safer in a perfect love-affair for the man to be more ardent. A woman should always know how to wait and, in a subtle manner, to keep her lover guessing. But a woman twelve years older than the man cannot usually afford to wait, and in precipitating passion leaves no element of guess-work.

Lady Bessborough tried desperately to wait: she was an intelligent woman as well as an experienced one. In the beginning she did her best to keep their regard on the level of *amitié amoureuse*. But this can never be done if there is both love as well as friendship in the association. A level-headed woman can keep it up successfully if only the man, too, plays the game. But he can't: why should he? The ideal is really a bit of psychological senselessness by which women deceive their reason. She may be timid of accepting the man as her lover, but nevertheless she refuses to let him go. A cat-and-mouse game which, as a rule, brings far greater unhappiness to the cat. But as long as it can be played, a woman's vanity, her sense of possessiveness, is not outraged. Once the man makes even a half-successful fight for his freedom, and it is a case of the mouse having in its clutches a deeply-wounded cat! "I do not want to be absolutely his," she says to herself, "but Heaven forbid he should belong to any other woman physically, however mentally he may remain my own!"

Probably Lady Bessborough might have kept her association with the more youthful Lord Granville purely on the level of such an *amitié amoureuse* had not the twelve intervening years made him the natural pursuit of girls of his own age, desiring either a husband or a lover. And his was an ardent nature. So dignity went to the winds and every suspicion of coolness, of neglect, of interest in anything apart from herself and

what she could give him and bring to him, made Lady Bessborough unhappy; since where there is uncertainty in love there is always torment. Nevertheless, after they had become physical lovers, she could concentrate upon, and find more happiness in, their close friendship. Thus eventually she could endure the

knowledge of his various amours; she could, as a consequence, endure lovers of her own without destroying the links of understanding and sympathy still binding them. Nevertheless, she lived at a disadvantage. He told her of his love-affairs because she was his friend; she boasted of the men who loved her—and so many did!—in order to re-create in his eyes something of that original glamour with which unfamiliarity had once surrounded her.

It was pitiful, yet Lady Bessborough was so intelligent that her nature triumphed even over unsuccess. In time their love really did become only friendship, and, as time went on, developed rather the close devotion of a mother towards her son. Thus she came at last to view his marriage to her own niece in a maternal kind of way—or shall we say sisterly? All the same, they never lost touch with each other in that more important aspect of a loving association which matters most in the long run—intelligent companionship. It is this which makes their love-affair fine and beautiful and makes her letters to him so much more important and interesting than if they had been merely written by a

woman in love. Nevertheless, it seems to me that Ethel Colburn Mayne has missed much of Lady Bessborough's famous charm. Knowing her delightful letters, one finds it sometimes difficult to believe that this portrait of the writer could ever be the woman to have written them. Something real is missing: we seem rather to be looking at a picture than at a vital, big-hearted, witty, intelligent woman. It is a good portrait but, so to speak, it is a painting on canvas.

One has only to read the latter part of the book, which deals with her daughter, Lady Caroline Lamb, to realise the difference. Here is something alive; something felt and known; something completely understood. For this is absurdity verging upon the tragic; or perhaps tragedy verging upon the absurd. That so much beauty, so much cleverness, could wreck its own life so completely! Lady Caroline was her own worst enemy and, wilful and impossible as she must have been, her loveliness comes out brilliantly in this brief study of her violent career. She was self-willed

(Continued on page 322.)



MR. MICHAEL LYNE

The sporting artist and author of "Horses, Hounds, and a Country," who is Joint-Master of the United Cotswold Beagles, has now joined up as a private and is in an O.T.C. unit



MR. CHRISTOPHER WHITFIELD

The author of a clever fantasy, "Lady From Yesterday" (Golden Cockerel Press), his former book having been "A World of One's Own." Mr. Christopher Whitfield hunts with both the Cotswold packs as a rule, but is at present engaged upon a species of war work which makes hunting impossible

"LIGHTS UP" IN THIS BLACKOUT!



PHYLLIS STANLEY IN "THE FRAGONARD PICTURE"
NUMBER IN THE NEW COCHRAN REVUE



DORIS HARE, CLIFFORD MOLLISON,
EVELYN LAYE, AND MARTYN GREEN



MR. COCHRAN'S YOUNG LADIES
"LES ENGLISH GIRLS"

Mr. Charles B. Cochran believes in having them well-fed, and has no use for the "rag a bone and a hank-of-hair" type. He and his Young Ladies, plus all the other clever people seen in this page, have had a good reception in *Lights Up*, at the Opera House in Manchester. Evelyn Laye scored one right in the centre of the target with "Only a Glass of Champagne," in an old dance hall scene; and there is also a picture of her with three other celebrated people in the finale of the first half. Martyn Green, who is so particularly popular with Manchester audiences, is the famous Gilbert and Sullivan Opera actor, who has played all the leading rôles in the whole repertoire for several years past, and has now joined Mr. Cochran's camp



EVELYN LAYE
SINGING "ONLY A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE"

(Below) A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A COCHRAN YOUNG LADY



WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

to madness, but there must have been something terribly endearing behind it all which made those who really loved her forgive her all her trespasses. She was born to every advantage, and she destroyed these advantages one by one. She was lovely in an ethereal way, and yet in early middle-age she died disfigured by dropsy; she was loved and adored, and yet she died deserted by all except the man whom she had most wronged—her husband. She was notorious in her time, and yet she is now remembered only by the immortality which Byron's passing infatuation still lends her. He was, perhaps, the only man she really loved, and she killed by the violence of her temper that love years before. Byron being even what he was, it needs necessarily have died. Here, then, is a book which gives us two admirable studies of two remarkable women, one being especially brilliant.

Thoughts from "A Regency Chapter."

"The world of 'antis' in every situation is always, in their imagination, honey-combed with espionage, and would not be truly enjoyable were it not."

"The better the run, the greater the void for these when it is ended. Women who can settle down at the date prescribed by their epoch are perhaps more fortunate, in that before age comes upon them they have practised looking it in the face."

"Like all extravagant women, she never knew what anything cost, yet instinctively felt that others got more for their money."

A Notable New Novel.

Very few minds are adventurous. Unless one be on one's guard throughout life, we are most of us apt never to venture mentally beyond the confines of our immediate environment. So the average clergyman carries, so to speak, his church with him wherever he goes; the politician and his party are like a mouse running round and round a trap; the women chatter endlessly about their homes and friends. These are but three examples of mental pitfalls into which it is so easy to tumble and, being there, imagine nothing can matter very much beyond the horizon. Indeed, those who dig themselves out are regarded suspiciously by those who have dug themselves in. They employ many catch-words to illustrate their condemnation and, having used them, feel themselves completely justified in the world's myopic eyes. So those who dig themselves out have, as a rule, a relentless labour in front of them, in which no one can see their reward except themselves and those others who have refused to follow mental and social convention.

"No Arms, No Armour" (Nicholson and Watson; 8s. 6d.), by R. D. Q. Henriques, is a notable story of such a struggle. And the pit in which the hero, "Tubby" Windrush, refused to be incarcerated is the Army. Nevertheless, he came of Army stock. All his male relatives belonged to the Services. He was brought up in their traditions. For him, therefore, when he, too, became a young officer, his world, mental and physical, was the world of the barrack-square,

the officers' mess, polo, horses, Service gossip. It never dawned upon his imagination that there was any other world which mattered in the least—apart from the world of wine, sport, and of women, perhaps. A severe accident at polo, by which he was forced to endure months of pain and the loneliness which pain brings as its only companionship, began his regeneration. The seeds, however, had already been sown. There was "Sammy," his commanding officer, who was of the Army, but yet never in his soul actually belonged to it—and whose spiritual element apart, so to speak, gave him greater authority over men, who instinctively realise that the letter of the law usually spells authority, not necessarily sense. More especially, however, was it "Daddy" Watson,

captain in the same regiment, who opened wide the door to life's deeper meanings, of which "Sammy" had had only time to supply the key. These two men influenced "Tubby's" inner life—the only existence which we realise at the end has been *real*; the rest but a dream. And where is this inner life lived most ardently but when one is alone?

It is the character of "Daddy" Watson which dominates the story, apart from the remarkably fine and vivid description of Army life at home in England and abroad. There is one unforgettable scene when he pleads for understanding towards his men, the sergeant-major of whom is being court-martialled for a crime against morals, which demanded an inner courage beside which mere physical bravery is as little. It proved the inner stature of the man—a stature he could never have attained unless in the silence of his own heart his mind and imagination had delved far below and above and beyond the conventional mental attitude of men who, like so many of us, think only as the chattering herd has taught them to think. "No Arms, No Armour" seems to me the most remarkable novel which has been published since the war began.



LILY PONS AND LAWRENCE TIBBETT

The Los Angeles opera season opened this autumn with "Rigoletto," before an audience largely composed of movie-stars. Lawrence Tibbett, the famous American baritone, sang the title rôle, while another star as well known on the screen as in the opera house, Lily Pons, took the part of his unfortunate daughter, Gilda.

Thoughts from "No Arms, No Armour."

"Use people all you can; use their brains, their feelings, their spirit. And let them use you—if you are able to and want to. . . . But don't hope that either of you will understand the other. If you can begin to understand *one* person—yourself—you'll have gone a long way for one lifetime."

"What most people say and do doesn't come straight from inside them; it's filtered on the way; they try to show off; to make you think well of them—or ill, sometimes. Truth in itself is good, even if it's a medium for evil."

"If you find yourself good company, you're a very strong man."

"Homesickness is one of the attractions of travel that gives it a spice of limitation and adventure. You must have something to get back to."

"Men were independent a century or so ago when they believed in God. . . . It's only now, when nobody believes in anything, that we get so bowled over by a spot of trouble."

ARMY UNITS : No. 9



THE NTH BATTALION THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS—BY "MEL"

Lord Cawdor, the C.O. of this particular battalion, the Camerons, got command more or less recently, but has been in the regiment for a long time. His Second-in-Command, Major Hill, and Major Macleay, were only captains at the beginning of this year. The senior captain, Lord Fincastle, is the son and heir of a very famous 16th Lancer V.C., Lord Dunmore. The Camerons are the old 79th Foot, and have a long and very proud record, not the least prized of their battle honours probably being Corunna

NEXT WEEK: AN R.A.F. STATION.



THE IMPERIAL SERVICE COLLEGE RUGGER SIDE

The team that beat their next-door neighbours, Beaumont, good and hearty by 27 points to 3, and have also laid out Berkhamsted, 20 to 0, and St. John's, Leatherhead, 9 to 6. Good going for the future sea and land lions!

The names are: (l. to r., standing) J. P. Oakes, W. D. C. Rayburn, M. Fairgrieve, A. E. Stocks, Major G. B. D. Nicholls (coach), C. B. Rodger, P. C. Bull, J. R. Blandy, R. R. H. Ellison; (sitting) J. T. Lorimer, K. M. L. Morrison, D. F. H. Frost, T. F. Cousins, J. de C. Scobie, A. P. Raynor, and J. O. McCallum

WHAT with winning the Match an' all, this is emphatically Harrow's year, for the First Lord of the Admiralty and the C.-in-C. are both Harrovians: the former a direct descendant of a general who was in the Hannibal class, and the other of a man who has carved almost as great a niche in history—the creator of John Jorrocks, M.F.H. The one was a cavalry soldier and might be entitled to be called a Horse Marine if that distinguished title did not belong to another cavalry regiment, the 17th Lancers, for some of them were once dismounted and turned into giddy "harumfrodites." The 4th Hussars never did any duty as Marines. The C.-in-C. is a very gallant and most erudite Guardsman, but rumour has it that he is proudest of being the descendant of Surtees who, incidentally, was called "Surly" Surtees, a thing difficult to believe of the creator of people like Jogglebury Crowdy, Facey Romford, and hundreds and hundreds more. Anyway, if it were not for the fact that the Foreign

Pictures in the Fire

Secretary is an Etonian, Harrow would be having it almost all their own way.

The recent publication of a snapshot of the ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm of Germany and the Herr Doktor Göbbels, in apparently friendly conversation, may have made anyone who knew the former wonder whether he could have any time for the latter. Personally, I do not believe it to be likely. In his young days—bar that he was rather a handful to hold and a sore anxiety to his sire—the

Crown Prince had many more or less forgivable faults, even if manners were not his long suit. That he was wild as a hawk is probably common knowledge, but not much wilder than any other officer in Germany's crack cavalry regiment, the Death's Head Hussars, was rather encouraged, and even expected, to be. On the other hand, what the Herr Doktor was like in his salad days no one has divulged, and I imagine no one particularly cares. He cannot have been very different to what he now is, a nasty little person whose taste exact for faultless fact does not amount to a disease. The Crown Prince always had a sense of humour, and it was quite often aroused by the Kaiser's anger. Göbbels never can have possessed any, for if he had he would long ago have discovered how abysmally ridiculous he is making himself. Even in Germany they seem to be evincing some perception of this fact.

The Ex-Crown Prince of Germany has put on at least three stone in weight or even more, if we can judge by this picture. In those earlier times he was a very wispy sort of person, thin enough, in fact, to be able to swop uniforms with a very good-looking officer in the Royals, of which regiment he



AT THE BLACK CAT AMBULANCE STATION

Mrs. G. F. J. King, the former Miss Elsa Leon, a cousin of Sir George Leon, and Miss Catherine McLean, well known in the Scottish yachting world



SOME MEMBERS OF LORD GORT'S PERSONAL STAFF

An official picture taken quite recently at G.H.Q., somewhere over there. The public impression is that staffs need only to be decorative. This is quite wrong, for they have to be like this one, useful as well! No details are permitted, but the names are (l. to r.): Major D. W. Gordon, Captain the Earl of Munster, Captain C. J. D. Jeffreys, and Captain E. U. Oyler



THE OFFICER PRISONERS OF WAR CLUB DINNER

Among the members of this club, whose reunion dinner seems to be the sort of thing that ought to happen at this moment, are some of the twenty-nine who made the famous escape from Holzminden in 1918, through a tunnel which took ten months to dig. In the picture, F. O. E. Fullford and F. O. M. T. Wright, late R.F.C.

By "SABRETACHE"

ALSO AT THE BLACK CAT
AMBULANCE POST

Mrs. Archie Morrison and Mrs. Melba Esson, who is a charming Australian. Mrs. Morrison is the widow of a well-known polo player in the West Country

Rifle Brigade will remember affectionately as Henry Prittie, the author of a very good book ("Saddle and Steel") all about the wicked men of Egypt, kidnappers, drug-traffickers, and such like *salas*, has written to me putting up a very good

Kaiser was then Colonel-in-Chief. The young British officer was supposed to be the double of the Crown Prince. This was not so: poor Kid Charrington was fair, tall and willowy, but far better looking than Prince Wilhelm. The photograph was severely suppressed at the time, because it was known that if the Kaiser ever got hold of it he would at once have called in all the orders of the Red Eagle that he had told the Crown Prince to scatter over the Royals and over anyone else who looked as if he might like to have one. It was quite a smart decoration.

I see by Mr. Edward Denny's article in the *Evening News* that the Crown Prince is rather low down in the betting for the throne (after Germany has cut "The Painter"), and that even the Grand Duke of Baden is a better favourite. The Baden Grand Dukes' schloss at Insel Mainau on Lake Constance is one of the most beautiful things you could meet in many a day's march.

Lord Dunalley, whom everyone who ever was in the



THE BEAUMONT COLLEGE RUGGER XV.

The side beaten by the Imperial Service College (for team, see opposite page), but who have had a win over the Nautical College, Pangbourne, and will collect many more

The names, l. to r., read: (standing) M. G. de Burgh, V. F. Berry, R. G. Waterkyn, I. R. Hamilton (a master and coach), J. T. Day, P. G. Throssell, F. W. Rosetz, and E. F. Jackson; (sitting) E. R. McNaught, B. A. Campbell, E. P. Watson, D. L. Bruen (captain), J. A. Corbould, J. E. Hilleman, and P. T. Clarke; (on ground) R. W. Bell, and M. Gompertz

suggestion about all these young, and otherwise, horses which are being put down because of war necessity—and he says in effect—why not board them out with people who have enough grass, and keep them for bucksheesh to the lads when they come home? It is a good idea and properly managed would produce a useful hunter or polo pony for some of the chaps when they come out of this battle, murder and sudden death business, which we all know has got to start, more or less soon. However, I will let Lord Dunalley speak for himself:—

I put this proposition up to you and would like to hear what you think of it. The big stables are now shutting down and must have lots of two-year-olds who will never earn their corn. We, most of us, have boys serving in—wherever they are. And some of us have enough grass for a young horse or two. Would it not be a graceful act for some of the big owners to donate a few very slow geldings and fillies—to be kept till the boys come home! Better than selling them for cats'-meat! After all, it's the public money that keeps racing going. I am sure Lord Derby, H.H. the Aga Khan, Lord Glanely, and others would respond to this appeal.

When the boys get back it would be a great joy to them to find a couple of four-year-olds ready for breaking.

(Continued on page xv)

ALSO AT THE PRISONERS OF WAR
CLUB REUNION

F./O. E. D. Jennings and Mr. Andrew Fraser recalling some of the lurid moments of their captivity during the last war. A film, *Who Goes Next?* based on the Holzminden tunnel escape in 1918, was concocted, and a good one it was



AT THE RECENT OXFORD CHAMBER OF TRADE DINNER

This assembly of Oxford's civic dignitaries and notables was held to have been one of the most successful within memory. It happened at the Randolph, one of Oxford's most famous and popular rallying-points

The names in the group are (l. to r.): the Mayor and Mayoress of Oxford (Councillor and Mrs. C. J. V. Bellamy), Miss' Chaundler, Mr. Chaundler (president), the Duke of Marlborough, Lady Elton, the Hon. Mrs. Quintin-Hogg, Lord Elton, and the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Professor G. S. Gordon and Mrs. Gordon

THE BELVOIR MEET AT REDMILE



LORD DARESBURY, JOINT-M.F.H.,
AND A FRIEND



MISS J. PAYNTER, DAUGHTER OF BRIG.-GENERAL
AND MRS. GEORGE PAYNTER



LADY DARESBURY AND SOME
BELVOIR HOUNDS



LADY DARESBURY, LADY FEVERSHAM,
AND LORD GRIMTHORPE, M.F.H.



COLONEL W. J. LOCKETT (ONE OF THE BELVOIR SECRETARIES)
AND MRS. JULIEN LEZARD

In the best of their Saturday country in the Belvoir Vale, and with as many of their regulars on the premises as the prevailing circumstances will permit. As in the last war, full dress has been superseded by the near-rat-catcher, except by people who are serving, who come out in that hard-battling colour, khaki. Lord Grimthorpe, C.O. a Yeomanry unit, is an example: he is Joint-Master on the books of the Middleton, but came south on presumably U.P.A. Lady Feversham is the daughter of another famous Middleton Master, Lord Halifax, who had to give up when foreign affairs became so very involved. Lord Daresbury is carrying on the Mastership with his senior partner, Colonel Gordon Colman, and Colonel Lockett, brother of the famous Vivian, is one of the two secretaries, the other being Mr. G. H. Bellamy, who is a walking encyclopædia of Belvoir history. Mrs. Julien Lezard is the former Lady Northland, and is the mother of Lord Ranfurly



Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

MISS LORNA HARMSWORTH—HER MOST RECENT PORTRAIT

The elder of the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth's two most attractive daughters reached her nineteenth birthday in October this year, her sister Esmée being two years younger. The only son and heir, Vere Harold Esmond Harmsworth, is the youngest, having been born in 1925. The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, like his father, Lord Rothermere, is a pillar of the Fourth Estate, and became Chairman of the Newspaper Proprietors Association and President of the Newspaper Press Fund in 1935. He was in the House as Member for Thanet from 1919 to 1927. His country seat, Mereworth Castle, is in Kent

LAST DAY OF FLAT-RACING AT LEOPARDSTOWN



MISS PEGGY MYERSCOUGH, MR. AND MRS.
CYRIL F. MYERSCOUGH, AND MR. FRED
S. MYERSCOUGH



MR. CECIL LAVERY AND MR. AND MRS.
JOHN ESMOND



LIGHTING-UP TIME: MISS GRETTA
AND MISS VERA MAHONY



LORD GLENNAVY, MISS INGRID MACDERMOT,
AND MISS BLANCHE ROWE



MRS. CECIL LAVERY
AND MR. LEO WHELAN

This was called "the last day on the flat" at Leopardstown, but Lieut.-Col. Hill-Dillon's "Le Cygne" won the Scalp Steeplechase very comfortably, bidding defiance to a 7-lb. penalty. However, in Ireland it is the custom, and quite an excellent one, to give the public a mixed card. The first four favourites won straight off the reel, which was a bit of a counterbalance to the unmannerly behaviour of the weather, which failed to stay the course and broke down half-way! Miss Peggy Myerscough, who is in the top group, is a clever artist. Her engagement to Dr. Monty Slattery, R.A.M.C. (rank not mentioned), has just been announced, and Mrs. Cyril Myerscough is the Irish Hard Court lady tennis champion. Distinguished barristers occupy the flanking picture, and Mr. Lavery is a distinguished K.C. (for wife, see one of the pictures at the bottom). Lord Glenavy, famous in the yachting world, is also a barrister by profession



Charles E. Brown

ON THE HOME FRONT: SOMEWHERE DOWN SOMERSET WAY

A beautiful autumn setting for a detachment of a most important part of our "fighting forces." The farmer is as important a unit of the defence system as the man who is actually behind the gun in the line; for, as it is true to say "no foot no horse," it is equally true to say "no food no fight"



J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.

EAST QUANTOXHEAD AND ITS "GENIUS OF THE PLACE"

A lovely little village which snuggles into the Quantocks and which, so far, has escaped invasion *en masse* by the peripatetic globe-trotter. It nevertheless has a car-park and the custodian is the venerable inhabitant in the foreground of this so-attractive picture. There were some places in England during the last war that never knew there was one. Quantoxhead might have been one of them

H.M. THE QUEEN —



THREE BEAUTIFUL
TAKEN RECENTLY

These pictures of H.M. the Queen are of very recent origin, and are near to the heart of the whole British Empire. Equally with the distant confines of this Realm know full well the fine example she has given us. Never has there been a greater call upon the spirit of the people, and it is aided in the preservation of these vital essentials. Morale lost, all lost; morale retained, nothing lost. In her Majesty's leading and vibrant note was courage; she spoke to the masses of the times, and her words brought comfort and solace in the darkest days of the war, and has been of the greatest help and encouragement. The site upon which the days of James I., and it was not until 1762, when George III. the brick mansion built by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, for the Queen, and the present stone-faced front was completed in 1912. The Palace in London. Another study of her Majesty, taken

GOD BLESS HER!



Photos. : Cecil Beaton

STUDIES OF HER MAJESTY, IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE



and are charming studies of the very gracious lady who is so
a those of us at home, the subjects of the Crown in the more
e of fortitude and calmness of mind which the King and Queen
te: Ifastness and nerve of this nation than there is at this moment,
by the courageous leadership of its Sovereign and his Consort.
Majesty's more or less recent broadcast to the women of England
others as a mother who knows to the full what are the anxieties
a way that perhaps nothing else could have done. The Queen
women are concerned, and at each one of them her interest
upon which Buckingham Palace stands was a mulberry garden in
ge III. removed from St. James's Palace, that he bought the red-
£21,000. The Palace was reconstructed between 1825 and 1836,
the grounds cover forty acres—a big expanse for even a royal
n at Buckingham Palace, is on the frontispiece of this issue

LAMENT FOR THE LAST WAR

By MICHAEL ARLEN

A WRITER in a newspaper suggests that he will start a Society for the Defence of the Last War, or the S.D.L.W. The aim of this much-needed society will be "to protest at every opportunity against the impertinences and insults to which the war of 1914-1918 is being subjected."

I give this society a big hello, and it gets my money on the nail. Something should be done at once to put a stop to the astonishing claims being made daily for this war and the belittling attitude adopted to *our* war, the last war, the Great War. Many of the references in the Press to 1914 must arouse the indignation of thinking people over the age of forty. Even clergymen, who should know better, have joined in this unscrupulous campaign of belittlement. One of them said the other day—actually *said*, mind you—that there is a sense of dedication now which was absent in 1914. Another reverend pranced into the open with the stirring comment that whereas in 1914 the issues were confused, we now know in our hearts that Right is on our side.

And where did we of 1914 think the Right was? In the coal-hole? And we had no sense of dedication? *We* hadn't? Why, some of our Great War leaders had so much sense of dedication that they had no room at all left for any ordinary kind of sense, which was why we suffered so many unnecessary casualties.

Such belittling remarks are not only all my eye but show great disloyalty to our Great War. After all, at that time we thought very highly indeed of it as a war, and when it was over some of us simply could not get on without it. Why not face the facts? The last war impressed us very deeply by immediately fulfilling all our expectations of what a war should be. It came up to scratch. It went with a bang from the word go. It was hell all the way. It was Armageddon.

Can we call this one Armageddon, and get away with it? When we were young we referred so familiarly to Armageddon here and Armageddon there that quite a few people even got round to learning how to spell it. Yes, we of 1914 used large words and coined grand phrases to describe our war. We were so impressed by it as a war that we simply let ourselves go in calling it names.

At first we called it simply the European War. But we were merely feeling our way. Getting into our stride, we lashed out with full-blooded names like the World War, the War of Nations, the Twilight of Evil, the War for Civilisation, and—best of all—THE WAR TO END WAR.

Yes, we of 1914 went at it all with a will and a dash. The clammy hand of the Civil Service had not then clenched itself into the mailed fist of muddling restraint, and we had enough heart left in us to be able to let ourselves go. We called the Hohenzollerns cowards and cheats and tyrants. We wanted to hang them. We called the Hapsburgs effete, rotten and corrupt. We annoyed the Germans like anything by insisting on referring to them as Huns and Vandals. We never spoke of Germans. We just said Hun, and they had to like it.

The other day Mr. Winston Churchill in his second broadcast tried very properly to bring back the word Hun, but it is to be feared that in these tuppenny days the label will not stick. Already some of his younger listeners have asked me if the Huns are a junior branch of the Nazi Party, like the Hitler Youth.

We read in the newspapers that "the Empire war effort is much greater now than in 1914." This is the insulting kind of remark about the last war which should not be permitted. In 1914 I was too young to be able to measure the Empire war effort with any exactitude, but I feel sure it was a pretty hot effort. I remember some evenings I spent with some Australians in cowboy hats which were very impressive evenings indeed. I don't see any Australians in cowboy hats around now. No doubt they are all tucked away somewhere building aeroplanes or parachutes. That is one of the troubles about this war. Everyone is hidden away somewhere building something or thinking up something in his great technical brain, and meanwhile nobody takes any notice of the war.



20th Century Studios

THE PRINCESS NATASHA BAGRATION

The latest portrait of the beautiful daughter of the Princess Tatiana Constantinova of Russia and a member of one of the oldest ruling houses in the world. The Bagrations ruled Georgia from 547 A.D. till its conquest by Russia in the nineteenth century. The Princess Natasha Bagration is a cousin of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent

As compared with our efforts of 1914, where are the large words and grand phrases of 1939? Where is our thunder? Where our slogans? Can we find inspiration in the leaden sound of the War for Democracy? Does our blood boil at the words "War for Poland," as once it boiled at the mere whisper of "Little Belgium," or, to those with a more exact sense of detail, of "Plucky Little Belgium"? Do our eyes flash and our jaws set sternly at mention of the War Against Hitlerism as once our eyes flashed and our jaws set at the mere thought of Kaiser Bill's bristling moustachios?

Let me advise those who belittle our war of 1914 that they will have to apparel this war with less mingy phrases if they wish to convince us that this one is going to be a patch on it. Even the muddles of 1939 are mingy compared with our glorious muddles of 1914-18. We can do no better now than the Ministry of Information muddle, in which we complain of a shortage of sense, whereas in our war we had the Ministry of Munitions muddle, when there was a shortage of shells. As muddles, is there any comparison in grandeur? We of 1939 have the Fish muddle, while we of the last war had the Gallipoli muddle. To compare Billingsgate with Gallipoli!

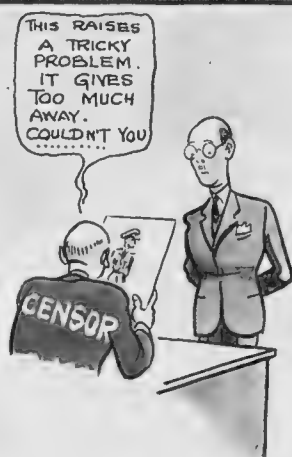
Thoughtless people complain that this war seems unable to get itself started. Let such people look for first causes, and they will find that this war will flatly and categorically refuse to get properly under way until it is correctly and fittingly described with the grandeur becoming to a war between nations. If you really want a war to get going in a big way, you have to flatter the beast. The Boer War could not have persisted with such murderous zest if it had been called, as this is being called by the thoughtless, the Bore War. How we of 1914 buttered up *our* war! How we licked its boots! Nothing was too good for it. The immensities we lavished on it! The sacrifices with which we fed the silly creature to keep it alive and strong for four long years!

I shall not, after all, enrol myself as a member of the Society for the Defence of the Last War. Maybe the beastly thing would not have lasted half so long if we had not called it by such grand names. Maybe, if we don't give this war a swelled head by flattering it, we may still escape its worst and most enduring horrors.



Here we have
a drawing of
an imaginary
Officer who we
will call

WING-COMMANDER
A.B.C. SMITH



THIS RAISES
A TRICKY
PROBLEM.
IT GIVES
TOO MUCH
AWAY.
COULDN'T YOU

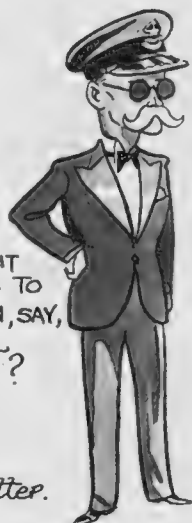
..... GIVE HIM DARK GLASSES?

Why, yes of course.



..... AND PERHAPS
A MOUSTACHE?

Rather!!



..... AND
WOULD N'T IT
BE WISER TO
PUT HIM IN, SAY,
A DINNER
JACKET?

Yes that's
much better.



..... AND JUST
FOR SAFETY'S
SAKE WHAT
ABOUT A
WOODEN LEG?

Grand!!



..... AND THAT
ROYAL AIR
FORCE HAT!
DON'T YOU
THINK SOME
OTHER TYPE
WOULD BE
MORE
MISLEADING?

The very thing!!



..... NOW, I
THINK
PERHAPS
TAILS
INSTEAD
OF A DINN..
..... AND
WHAT ABOUT
SPURS?

Splendid!!



..... AND HE
MUST WEAR
HIS MINIATURE
MEDALS, AND
PERHAPS A
SPORRAN

Marvellous!!!



..... AND A
CIVILIAN
GAS- MASK
WOULD
MAKE
IDENTITY
ALMOST
IMPOSSIBLE

There!
What about
that?

Passed by Censor

MEL 31

SAFETY FIRST! OR CENSURING THE CENSORS

By "MEL"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



Photos. : Bertram Park

DAWN AT MIDNIGHT

Solo dancer, aided only by a wispy handful of wispy chiffon, eventually discarded, is Norma Dawn, in *Black Velvet*, at the Hippodrome. Norma represents Midnight in an item called "Three Shades of Blue," and also joins with three other of George Black's starlets in a new Cole Porter song, "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." At seventeen she is the baby of a cast packed with youthful beauty and talent, including the "first new star of the war," Pat Kirkwood, and Roma Beaumont

ONE Sunday morning the pastor of a negro congregation noticed that an old face had reappeared among his flock, and after the sermon made it a point to welcome the supposedly repentant back-slider.

"This is the first time I have seen you at church for a long time," he said. "I'm sho'ly glad to see you here again."

"Ah done had to come," explained Rastus. "Ah needs strengthenin'. I'se got a job white-washin' a chicken coop an' buildin' a fence roun' a watermelon patch."

"I fine you £10 for contempt of court," said the judge severely.

"Make it £50, judge. £10 wouldn't express my contempt for this court."

Sambo had seen a ghost, and as he related his experience his knees sagged under him.

"Yes, suh," the negro said, "Ah 'd jes' come outer the cowshed with a pail o' milk in mah hand. Den Ah hears a noise an' de ghost rushes out."

"And were you scared?" asked one of his listeners. "Did you shake with fright?"

"Ah don't know what Ah shook with," replied Sambo. "Ah cain't say I shook at all; but when Ah got in de house dere warn't no milk in de pail—only two pounds ob butter!"

A lad of military age was seeking exemption on the ground of poor eyesight.

"I shan't be any good to you," he protested. "Test my eyes and you'll soon see."

He couldn't or wouldn't recognise any of the letters on the chart normally used for eye-testing. Exasperated, the M.O. said suddenly: "Wait a minute," and dashed outside.

Soon he returned with a dustbin-lid.

"Here," he said angrily, "can you see what this is?"

The youth peered at it, blinked, and said: "Yes. It's either two bob or half a crown."

The battalion doctor was awakened by the 'phone ringing. "What is it?" he asked testily and sleepily.

"Well, you see, doctor," came the voice from the other end of the wire, "we've been having a big party in the mess, and I'm awfully worried about Major Blank."

"Why ring me up? Is he seeing elephants or something?" snapped the doctor, now very annoyed.

"That's just the trouble, sir," was the reply. "The room's full of them and he can't see a single one."

After many, many years abroad, the old lady returned to her native village, and began to renew old friendships.

Calling on one man, even older than herself, she gushed:

"You know, although I've been away so long, I've never forgotten you. I've always looked for the announcement of your death in the newspaper."

Counsel for the defence was cross-examining the witness, a lovely blonde with enormous blue eyes.

"Where were you," he thundered, "on Monday night?"

The blonde smiled sweetly.

"Out for a run in a car."

"And where were you on Tuesday night?"

"Out for a run in a car," repeated the blonde.

Counsel leaned closer.

"And what," he said, "are you doing to-morrow night?"

Prosecuting counsel leaped to his feet.

"My lord," he protested, "I object to that question!"

"Why do you object?"

"Because I asked her first!"



Gordon Harker in "Saloon Bar"



AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

PEOPLE ROUND THE BAR :
(AT TOP) JOHN FRANKLIN,
PEGGY LIVESSEY, ANNA
KONSTAM, MERVYN JOHNS;
(ON LEFT) BARBARA
BABINGTON, LEUEEN
MACGRATH; (RIGHT)
GORDON HARKER.

THE background for all these people (and several more, including a murderer) is in warm contrast with the black-out from which you enter: a bright-lighted bar, complete with crimson curtains and jingling cash register; racing prints, the Seager's Gin girl and the red-coated Johnny Walker dummy on the walls; and behind the counter, the blonde, pink-jerseyed barmaid by Anna Konstam, fresh but ladylike. Everything would be fine and cheerful but for one absentee: young Charley, convicted of killing an old woman. The plot shows how the customers at large, persuaded that the police have made a mistake, gradually get on the trail of the real murderer, and reveal

him as the meanest whisky-drinker in their occasional midst. Coincidence works hard in providing the clues, and the last Curtain of *Saloon Bar* is weaker than the rest of it; but there is plenty of tension, humour, and good by-play. Gordon Harker excels in business with tankards, and has never been tougher, racier or more Cockney-sardonic. Mervyn Johns, made up to look like an affable but melancholy walrus, sits in a corner and acts "character" superbly. Leueen MacGrath is fairly poignant as the convicted man's girl. Peggy Livesey does well as a second barmaid, far from ladylike; Barbara Babington is a nice, cheery soul; John Salew is lifelike as a nasty, fearful one.

A. B.



Truman Howell

THE HON. COLONEL (THE EARL OF BRADFORD) AND OFFICERS, THE NTH BATTALION, K.S.L.I.

This is one of the many newly-raised battalions under the doubling scheme which this war has necessitated, and is in training Somewhere in Somewhere and doing very nicely, thank you. Lord Bradford, the Honorary Colonel, was formerly a Lieut.-Colonel in the Royal Scots. Lieut.-Colonel E. R. H. Herbert, the C.O., used to be in the 60th Rifles and is a kinsman of the Earl of Powis.

The full list of names is: (front row) Captain the Rev. G. E. M. Gardner-Brown, Captain P. J. Woodhouse, Major B. E. W. Johnson, O.B.E., T.D., Brigadier J. G. Bruxnor-Randall, Colonel the Earl of Bradford (Honorary Colonel), Lieut.-Colonel E. R. H. Herbert, M.B.E. (Commanding Officer), Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Westley, C.M.G., D.S.O., Major D. Rivers-Currie, and Captain R. T. Wycherley; (centre row) Captain W. E. P. Cox, M.C., Lieut. G. C. Murphy, Lieut. C. E. Russell, 2nd Lieuts. K. R. Jemmett, R. B. C. Edwards, A. V. Marmont, A. Wilkinsson, Captain J. F. Carver, 2nd Lieuts. H. S. Corbett, B. A. Hobson, and Lieut. J. W. Brown, R.A.M.C.; (back row) 2nd Lieuts. T. F. Higginson, J. H. Davies, A. J. Charlesworth, D. H. Gwynne, E. L. James, Lieut. and Q.M. C. W. Silver.

The Perilous Pedestrian.

IF pedestrians were confined to the pavements, and only allowed to cross the streets at points controlled by traffic signals, hundreds of accidents would be eliminated. For, however carefully you drive in London, and especially when there is a drizzle or slight mist, it is almost impossible to pick out a pedestrian from the darkness of the road. One only steers by other people's lights and the glimmer of traffic signals and dimly-lit standards.

The alternative is to light the pedestrian in some way. Some people suggest that walkers should wear white stockings, belts, or even shoes. These things, at any rate, would prevent them colliding with each other on the pavement. Perhaps the Christmas gift shows will produce some novelties. What about a flashing walking-stick, luminous garters or trouser-clips, a dummy cigar with a perpetually red reflector tip, or reflecting buttons?

Petrol Scroungers.

Apparently petrol scroungers are busy at night decanting the tanks of parked cars. The plan is simple, all that is needed being a few spare tins and a rubber tube through which the car's supply is syphoned out. Service transport has suffered from this pilfering, the obvious cure for which is to fit a padlock to the filler-cap and its spout.

Coupons First, Please.

I was rather amused the other day when filling up in London to be asked for my coupons before the replenishment started. The garage man explained that this request had become standard practice, because some people had had a fill-up, and then found that they'd "misaid" their coupons. I asked the man whether under such circumstances he drained the tank again, or let the motorists off with a caution. He replied that they generally produced the coupons next month.

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

No Pooled Oil, Thank You.

It's good news that lubricating oil seems to have escaped the pooling habit, at any rate for the present. And so whether we favour Wakefield's Castrol, Shell, Price's or Filtrate, we shall be able to rely on getting the right stuff. Come to think of it, we've all become rather oil-conscious, thanks to the education provided by the great oil-blending concerns. And so an owner who runs his car on "XL," for instance, would no sooner think of changing to, say, "A.B.C.," than a pipe-smoker would forsake Player's No-Name for Puffer's Pride. As the oil companies have spent hundreds of thousands of pounds in forming this oil-brand habit, they are entitled to their reward. Pooling would ruin it in an instant.

Fording Ahead.

One of the ways in which we are paying for necessary imports is by exporting motor-cars. And there is hope in this matter of capturing markets previously held by the enemy. The great Ford organisation recently received a huge order for vehicles from the Continent, and reports that in some overseas markets their business is being maintained at pre-war levels. It is also good news to hear that Australia, South Africa, Eire, Argentina, and the Far East are providing a substantial demand for British-made Ford products.

Among its other enterprises, the Ford Company runs an Institute of Agricultural Engineering, where at the moment the Women's Land Army is receiving special training in mechanised farm work. Among the pupils was a sixty-three-years-old grandmother, who passed a course of tractor-driving with flying colours. She is now an expert, not only in the handling of a tractor, but also in the oiling and greasing of the machine.

Painting by the Mile.

Never could understand why white lines should be painted by hand instead of by marker. So the other day, finding a mechanical painter at work, (Continued on page x.)



Charles E. Brown

VICE-ADMIRAL G. C. C. ROYLE

The Fifth Sea Lord in succession to Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Ramsay has on this appointment become head of the Royal Naval Air Service. The picture was taken in H.M.S. "Ark Royal," the ship the enemy have been sinking about once a week, and was obtained when the Fifth Sea Lord flew his flag in her as Vice-Admiral Commanding Aircraft-Carriers.



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and rectification, the secret
of the House of Gordon
since 1769.

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A NORFOLK WEDDING—LADY ANNE WALPOLE AND MAJOR PALMER



THE COUNTESS OF ORFORD
AND MRS. JOSEPH PALMER



LORD AND LADY WALPOLE WITH THEIR SON,
THE HON. ROBIN WALPOLE



MAJOR J. ERIC PALMER
AND LADY ANNE WALPOLE



MRS. FRANK JONES AND MAJOR
AND MRS. BEN HOARE



BRIDESMAIDS AND BEST MAN: MISS GWEN MOLESWORTH,
MISS JULIET RIDLEY, AND MR. JOHN PALMER



MAJOR AND MRS. MOLESWORTH
AT THE RECEPTION

An important wedding took place in the country the other day, when Lady Anne Walpole and Major Joseph Eric Palmer were married at St. Andrew's Church, Wickmer, Norfolk. Lady Anne is the younger daughter of the late Earl of Orford, of Torrington, Devon, and Manurewa, New Zealand, and was given away by her cousin, Lord Walpole. The bridegroom is the second son of the late Mr. Joseph Palmer, and of Mrs. Palmer, of Lymm, Cheshire, and the honeymoon is being spent in that county, before Major Palmer rejoins his Yeomanry regiment. The Rt. Rev. Bertram Pollock, Bishop of Norwich since 1910, officiated at the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. J. Pallister. The reception was at Wolterton, Lady Orford, and Lady Walpole, whose infant son, Robin, put in an appearance, receiving the guests. Robin is a godson of the bridegroom, who mentioned in his speech that it was at Lord and Lady Walpole's wedding that he first met his bride. Wolterton, like so many other houses, big and small, has its quota of evacuees from the big city, and has been partially closed since the war broke out. It was, however, reopened for this occasion

Photos.: Swache



MR. ROBERT PALMER
AND THE BISHOP OF NORWICH



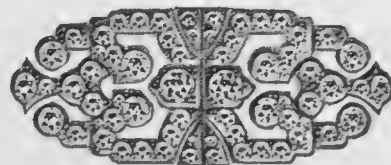
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

The Giving of Gifts

The choosing and giving of beautiful gifts—will bring us more pleasure this Christmas than ever before. At The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company you will find a profuse array of timely suggestions—at prices suitable to everybody. You will be able to choose the exact, personal present for each of your friends. If you cannot call, may we send you our illustrated Gift Brochure, which includes special suggestions for those on Active Service? We would like you to send for it soon because it will help us so much if orders are posted early this year.



18-ct. Two colour Gold Bracelet
£16.10.0



Diamond Double Clip Brooch
£120.0.0



Emerald and Diamond Bracelet
with expanding ends
£56.0.0



Enamel and 15 ct.
Gold "Love Birds"
Brooch. £6.10.0



Diamond Ring
£42.0.0



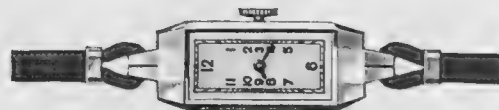
Diamond Hoop
Ring
£27.10.0



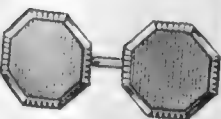
Blue Zircon and
Diamond Brooch
£24.0.0



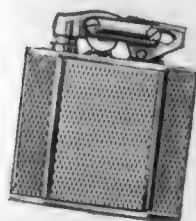
Diamond and Sapphire
Brooch
£19.0.0



Stainless Steel Watch
on Silk Cords
£5.10.0
In 9-ct. Gold £10.0.0
In 18-ct. Gold £13.10.0



Mother o' Pearl
Links £4.12.6
4 Buttons £4.12.6
2 Studs £2.12.6



Engine-turned Sterling Silver
mounted Pocket Lighter,
inlaid Gold decoration
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Gentleman's Canvas
Zipper Dressing Case fitted
Ironwood and Chromium
plated Toilet Requisites
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PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER—May I be 'umble in all things where war work is concerned, and from serving on committees that govern such charities . . . good Lord, deliver me! I am an unsociable beast, I know, but I see no reason to mend my ways. One has to be caught young to enjoy the fight for precedence that, apparently, is quite a game. You know the sort of thing: "My sweet . . . they simply can't make Dodo Snooks chairman, her husband was only knighted in '36!" I get my answers all wrong, and make an awful cracker by replying: "Why not? She's a wunneful manager, and can 'turn heels' blindfold; while the Duchess is always changing her house-keeper, and hasn't got past 'knit one, purl one'!" I also made the wrong reply to the "precious" who "wondered" what a certain treasurer had done with a certain fat cheque that came in so unexpectedly, and I really ought not to have murmured: "Darling, *don't* you know? She bunged it down the drain and pulled the ploogle!" This is the sort of thing that makes me unpopular at hen-parties, but who cares? Wonderful work is being done, and one has to take the smooth with the rough—because it is the rough that does the spade-work, and thus allows the smooth to be merely ornamental. "*Inutile et charmant comme un objet de Vienne*"! The fight to serve is edifying, and the daily line-up at the Hôpital St. Antoine is a moving sight. Anonymous charity in all its unselfishness. Men and women of every condition turn up to offer their services at the *Centre Sanguin*. Many of them show real courage, since, to so many, a hypodermic needle is a mysterious and terrible object, and the sight of their blood, flowing into test-tubes, has been known to floor some of the heftiest. The laboratory where this takes place is at the far end of the grounds, and one has to traverse the entire hospital to get there. Great fun for the convalescents who, during their exercise hour, gather round to see the would-be blood donors arrive, and often have the excitement of recognising well-known faces. The cheery "vet." who is at the head of this service may not have a suave bedside manner, but he has *le mot pour rire*. To a diffident female who shyly enquired whether there was an age-limit, he replied: "If the quality of the wine is good, Madame, we don't look at the bottle!" Comforting to the over-fifties, what?

Despite the black-out, the dearth of taxis, the early hours, the seating restrictions (the upper galleries are closed to the public), and all the other little inconveniences of *la Guerre*, most of

the theatres, music-halls, and cinemas are opening. Even the Grand Opera House, all wrapped up, as it is, in its sandbag attire. I suggest, however, to a paternal Government that it might be wise to store the chandelier that is so "impressively" heavy! If there was, by fluke, an air raid that did get past the barrage of the D.C.A. (*défense contre avions*), what a wallop there would be if it came down! At the Nouveautés, Jeanne

Aubert heads the revue and sings a charming song: "*Quelque part en France*"; while Bob Burnier gives us a French version of how to hang up our washing on the Siegfried Line. The Étoile does for that part of Paris what the "A.B.C." does for the *grands boulevards*, and also changes its programme every Friday. *Permissionnaires* and lads-on-leave, please note. Sacha Guitry still holds forth at the Madeleine, but in a new comedy, "dashed off" in a fortnight for Elvire Popesco, miraculously in his pre-Other-War vein. I wrote in my last scribble that I expected great things, in a "real play," from the new little Mme. Guitry. My mistake . . . but hope dies hard where the very young are concerned; besides, this is hardly

a real play, merely a playlet lasting barely forty minutes. The second part of the programme is given up to the cinema. Sacha shows us—and comments on—a film that he made early in 1914, and that consists of a series of shots of some of the grand old men who lived in those days: Renoir, Monet, Degas, Henri Robert, Saint-Saëns, Anatole France, and, of course, Lucien Guitry. Sarah Bernhardt is the only woman in this gallery of the great. Despite the bad photography and jerkiness, her indescribable charm, her poise, her gracious and lovely movements emerge from the flickering grey shadows that dance on the screen.

The two air-raid warnings that rousted us from our warm beds at dawn last week will be very ancient history by the time this reaches you. Having dutifully shut off my gas and electricity meters, and closed the window and shutters behind me, I go out on my balcony to watch. It is an eerily beautiful sight. At the first sound of the *sirènes* one sees the sudden glow of dim blue lights behind many windows and between the chinks of shutters and curtains. Then darkness constellated by the pinpoint gleams of hand-lamps descending past staircase windows . . . then darkness again, and from the courtyards and streets the sound of footsteps and whispering voices. . . . Sometimes a shrill whistle shrieks through the night. Far off one hears the rumbling noise of . . . but that, my dear, will be enough of that.—PRISCILLA.



WAR-WORKERS IN PARIS

The distinguished Committee of the War Emergency Relief workroom that is doing such excellent work in Paris for the Allies. No uniforms or dinky badges, but plenty of knitting-needles, sewing-machines and elbow grease, and, behind these utilities, brains to make the most of them. The names include: Mrs. Colyer, Mrs. Robinson, Lady Acheson, Mrs. Hickson, Mrs. Delinde, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Mack, Lady Tebbitt, Mrs. James, Mrs. Welman, Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. H. S. London, wife of the British Consul-General in Paris



Photos.: Utudjian

LAURE DIANA OFF DUTY

This "at home" picture celebrates a rare occasion nowadays in the full life of the clever French *diseuse*; for when she is not on her lorry or yielding up supplies of her good red corpuscles at the hospital, she is generally to be found making the *poilus* happy with her songs and gay charm

Vital Facts which make Ovaltine *Supreme for* Nerve-restoring Sleep

NATURAL, restorative sleep is your great need in these days of abnormal nerve-strain, and there are definite reasons why 'Ovaltine' has outstanding advantages for this purpose.

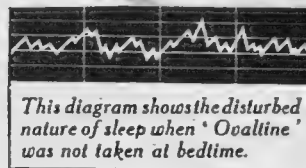
Although entirely free from drugs, 'Ovaltine' possesses special properties which quickly induce peaceful sleep. And while you sleep its easily assimilated nutriment restores and revitalises the nervous system.

These nerve-restoring properties are derived from the new-laid eggs which, with malt extract and creamy milk, are liberally used in the manufacture of 'Ovaltine.' The eggs contained in 'Ovaltine' make it the complete tonic food.

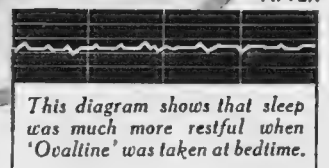
The great value of 'Ovaltine' for ensuring nerve-restoring sleep has been amply demonstrated in many independent scientific tests. **No food beverage can establish superiority over 'Ovaltine' in any respect whatever.** Because of its exceptional merit 'Ovaltine' is the food beverage most frequently recommended by Doctors—most widely used in Hospitals and Nursing Homes—and most popular throughout the world.



BEFORE



AFTER



A 3-year series of scientific tests on sleep demonstrated that 'Ovaltine' alone, taken regularly at bedtime, cut down tossing and turning and gave a feeling of being "better rested" in the morning. Many other tests have proved the exceptional nerve-restoring properties of 'Ovaltine.'

'Ovaltine' is a scientifically perfect food which stands in a class apart. Although imitations are made to **look** like 'Ovaltine,' there are extremely important differences.

'Ovaltine' does not contain any Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain a large percentage of Cocoa.

It would be a simple matter to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by altering the proportions of its ingredients and adding large quantities of sugar. But the result would not be 'Ovaltine,' the beneficial properties of which are so important to you now. **Remember—'Ovaltine' results are obtained only from 'Ovaltine.'**

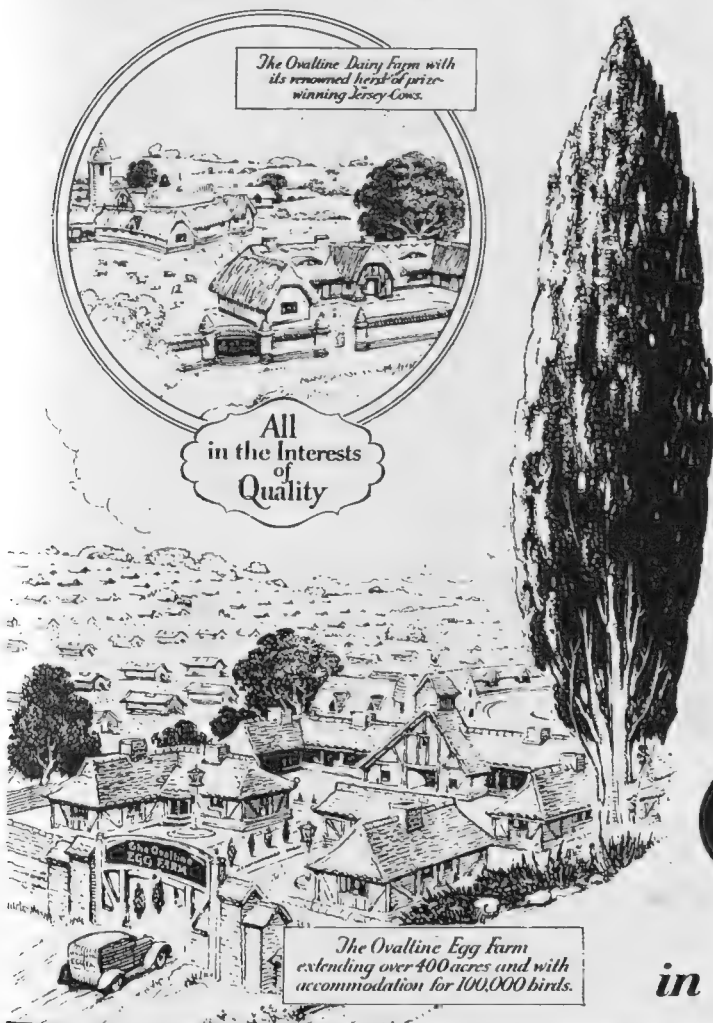
'Ovaltine' was originated and produced by recognised experts in the science of nutrition. It contains vital nutritive and energising elements including the essential vitamins, mineral salts, protein and carbohydrate. These elements are combined in 'Ovaltine' by scientific processes which cannot be copied. It constitutes a complete food which provides concentrated nourishment to cells and tissues of body, brain and nerves.

Drink delicious

OVALTINE

—and note the Difference
in your Nerve-Strength and Outlook

OVALTINE
Gives the
**HIGHEST
POSSIBLE
QUALITY**
at the
**LOWEST
POSSIBLE
PRICE**



The Ovaltine Dairy Farm with its renowned herd of prize-winning Jersey Cows.

All
in the Interests
of
Quality

The Ovaltine Egg Farm extending over 400 acres and with accommodation for 100,000 birds.

AIR EDDIES :: By OLIVER STEWART

Men and Machines.

DO pilots know what is good for them? It is a more difficult question to answer than it sounds at first. Conversations I have had lately with pilots of fighter and bomber squadrons, both at home and in France, show a wide variety of opinions. Leaning on a bar somewhere not long ago, I had a most entertaining conversation with two pilots of the same squadron who expressed diametrically opposed views about the qualities of the machines with which they were equipped.

After copious draughts of the wine of the country, one of them would lean confidentially towards me and, with an expression of portentous solemnity, would whisper to me that the machines were a "complete wash-out, old man." Then the other, more exuberant in manner, would thrust his friend aside and warn me to take no notice of what he was saying, because, in fact, the machines were positively "the world's best, old man." No matter what point I raised, whether it referred to the speed, the climb, the guns, or anything else, the first would deliver some awful revelation of inefficiency, while his friend would counter it with some equally striking proof of remarkable excellence.

The truth seems to be that what is one pilot's meat is another pilot's poison. But there are a few fundamental points which all pilots—when they examine the matter soberly or otherwise—must agree upon. Good handling qualities are certainly one of them. Trustworthiness is another. Speed is obviously desirable; but here one starts on the difficulties, for very high speed may reduce powers of manoeuvre, and then there are differences of opinion about how much powers of manoeuvre ought to be sacrificed for speed.

Simple.

Incidentally, it was in that same city, though in a different bar, that a pilot told me—with a perfectly straight face—of an experience of one member of his squadron. In a medium bomber, he had gone over to visit some French squadron,

and on taking off had decided that he ought to give his hosts a sort of aerobatic *d'honneur*, so he swooped down and put his machine into a vertical turn as near the ground as he could. One wing-tip then hit the ground and quite a large piece was torn off it.

The rest of the story was told me in clipped sentences: "Landed; sawed off an equal piece on the other side; took off; flew home"! It was, at any rate, a good story, and my informant was certainly sticking to it.

Nor is there anything impossible about flying and retaining control with a piece off one wing-tip. It has been done more than once. In a patrol of the earlier war in which I was personally engaged, one machine collided with a German machine, and a very large piece was cut from the wing-tip; yet the pilot not only retained control, but managed to get back to his own aerodrome and to make a good landing there. The only thing that cast doubt on the new story, therefore, was the delightfully dramatic sawing-off-the-other-wing touch—a piece of embroidery probably deriving from sawing through a woman, for which I give the story-teller full marks.



A VERY FAMOUS FIGHTER SQUADRON OF THE LAST WAR

This picture of the 19th Squadron, R.F.C., was taken in France during the last war to celebrate the shooting down by the Squadron of a hundred enemy 'planes in six months, and is a reminder of the magnificent feats of the R.F.C. in the first German war—feats which already look like being duplicated in the second ditto by the R.A.F., which is doing such good work to-day

In the picture are: (l. to r., top row) Lieuts. Ross, Hainsby, Hastings, Aldridge, Blythe, Jennings, M.C., Gardner, Jones; (middle row) Lieuts. Fairclough, M.C., Hardman, Packridge, Olivier, Captain Leacroft, M.C., Lieuts. Irving, Reid; (front row) Major Carter, D.S.O., Major Sanday, D.S.O., M.C., Captain Huskinson, M.C., Lieut. Lord

dery probably deriving from sawing through a woman, for which I give the story-teller full marks.



Howard Barrett

WINGS ON THE ICE

The R.A.F. (Canadian Section) ice-hockey team recently beat the Nottingham Panthers' team by 7 to 4, showing all that dash and daring we have come to expect from the Canadians, whether in the air or on the ice. Names: (l. to r., front row) Pilot Officers J. D. Ready, G. MacIntyre, E. L. Davies, G. R. Holyoke, J. H. C. Lewis (captain); (back row) Pilot Officers M. A. Kyle, P. Laricheliere, Aircraftman M. Lloyd, Pilot Officers W. Ditts (referee), A. C. Sargent, B. A. Davidson, G. R. Woolf

Aerial Mine-Laying.

The use by the Germans of aircraft for mine-laying purposes serves as a reminder that in war it is wise to develop every feasible form of attack. The possibility of laying mines from aircraft had often been discussed in England during the peace, and it was fairly widely known that Germany had built two mine-laying sea-planes; but the idea of laying mines on a large scale and using ordinary bombing aeroplanes for the purpose was not seized.

So now I suppose it will mean more work for the Coastal Command, which have been really remarkably active since the outbreak of war. They have been maintaining continuous patrol in all weathers and flying huge distances. Countering mine-laying aeroplanes, however, is a difficult problem for defending aircraft, however skilful and hard-working their pilots.

(Continued on page x.)

GIFTS OF FINE QUALITY & GOOD VALUE

The Gifts Catalogue of Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Sterling Silver, Prince's Plate, Fancy and Fine Leather Goods will be gladly sent post free.

F1335. Vanity Case, 2½ x 2½ in.
Sterling Silver £1 15 0
Enamel 2 10 0
Badge 7/6 extra

G2444. Sterling Silver
Electric Torch £2 10 0

F1343. Sterling Silver
Cigarette Case, enamelled
Ribbon and Badge on
light enamel ground
£5 15 0

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The "Hawthorn"
Dressing Table Service
with Flowers and Foliage
in Natural Colours.
Enamel and Sterling
Silver. 2 Hair Brushes,
Hat Brush, Cloth Brush,
Mirror and Comb
£22 10 0 the Set



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There are efficient services at each of our London Establishments and Customers are guaranteed the same satisfaction as personal selection in the Showrooms.

G2433. Prismatic Glasses.
Magnification +8.
Hide Case £5 15 0

G2421. Sterling
Silver Calendar
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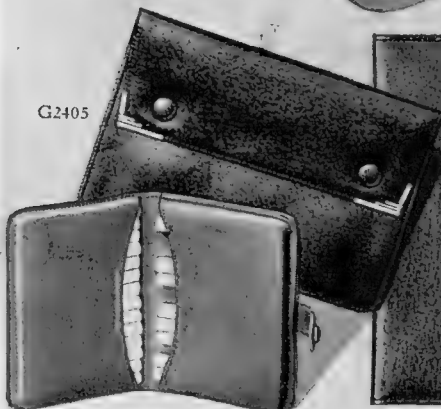
G2431. Bronze Photograph
Frame with Badge of any
Regiment.

Sight opening:
9 x 7 in. ... £1 17 6
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L2103. 10½ in. Pigskin Case.
Macassar Brushes, Chromium
Fittings £3 15 0



G2434. Mappin & Webb's Active Service Knife 8/6



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FINE SEAL WITH
UNTARNISHABLE
SILVER MOUNTS

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G2405. Tobacco Pouch
£1 7 6

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3563. Chromium £3 5 0

3564. Stainless Steel
£4 10 0

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Steel
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PARIS
BUENOS AIRES, RIO DE JANEIRO

LONDON

SHEFFIELD
THE ROYAL SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST.

WITH THE B.B.C. DOWN "HOGSNORTON" WAY



MISS MARY SOMERVILLE, LEANS JULIET-WISE FROM HER
RUSTIC OFFICE WINDOW TO CHAT WITH MR. GEORGE DIXON



MR. HOWARD ROSE AND MR. VAL GIELGUD
IN COUNTRY-HOUSE SURROUNDINGS



THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA REHEARSES
ABOVE A LOCAL STORE

Although there was inevitably a certain amount of confusion when the B.B.C. first forsook Portland Place for "Hogsnorton in the West Countree," in more official parlance, "somewhere in England," the great and many-sided organization seems by now to have settled down comfortably and efficiently in its strange quarters. And many of those torn away from London are finding that country life has its compensations. Who, for instance, in normal times could hope to confer with members of her staff in so lovely surroundings as is Miss Mary Somerville, Director of Schools Broadcasts, in our picture? Perhaps those with most reason to be nostalgic are the members of the symphony orchestra, "under its conductor, Sir Adrian Boult," who have only a very improvised substitute for the Queen's Hall



"TROMBONES!" SIR ADRIAN BOULT
AT AN IMPRESSIVE MOMENT



BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE
PRINCE OF WALES
1936



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M.
KING OF SWEDEN



*Quality
Sells..*

Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY



NORMA SHEARER AND SPENCER TRACY

Two of the many famous Hollywood stars who have come east for New York's autumn season, were pictured at El Morocco, one of the film colony's favourite Manhattan night spots. Norma Shearer's latest is *The Women*, while Spencer Tracy has just scored another hit with English audiences as the first half of *Stanley and Livingstone*

PERSONALITIES ACROSS THE "POND"



EIRE'S MINISTER AND HIS DAUGHTER

Mr. Robert Brennan, Eire Minister in Washington, went with his daughter, Miss Emer Brennan, named after Ireland's legendary heroine, to the Soviet Embassy's reception to commemorate the anniversary of the founding of the U.S.S.R. In fact, diplomats of all nations were present at the function with the exception of the United States, which, maybe out of friendship for Finland, marked its opinion by failing to send an official representative



PYJAMA RHUMBA

Countess Merry Fahrney Cassini, the patent-medicine heiress set a new fashion for dance-floor wear when she stepped a rhumba with Mr. Billy Riviere, at New York's El Morocco, wearing pale blue silk pyjama trousers

IN THE
HANDY
ACTIVE
SERVICE
TUBE



Smartly on parade with

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIR-DRESSING

There's no denying the smartness of your service uniform—but you want to have your hair smart to match. For that Brylcreem is the right dressing—always. Right because its pure natural oils control the hair without starching or gumming. Right because its tonic ingredients penetrate the roots—make your hair grow healthy as well as look healthy.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers
and N.A.A.F.I. in Active Service
tubes, bottles or jars - - -

1/-

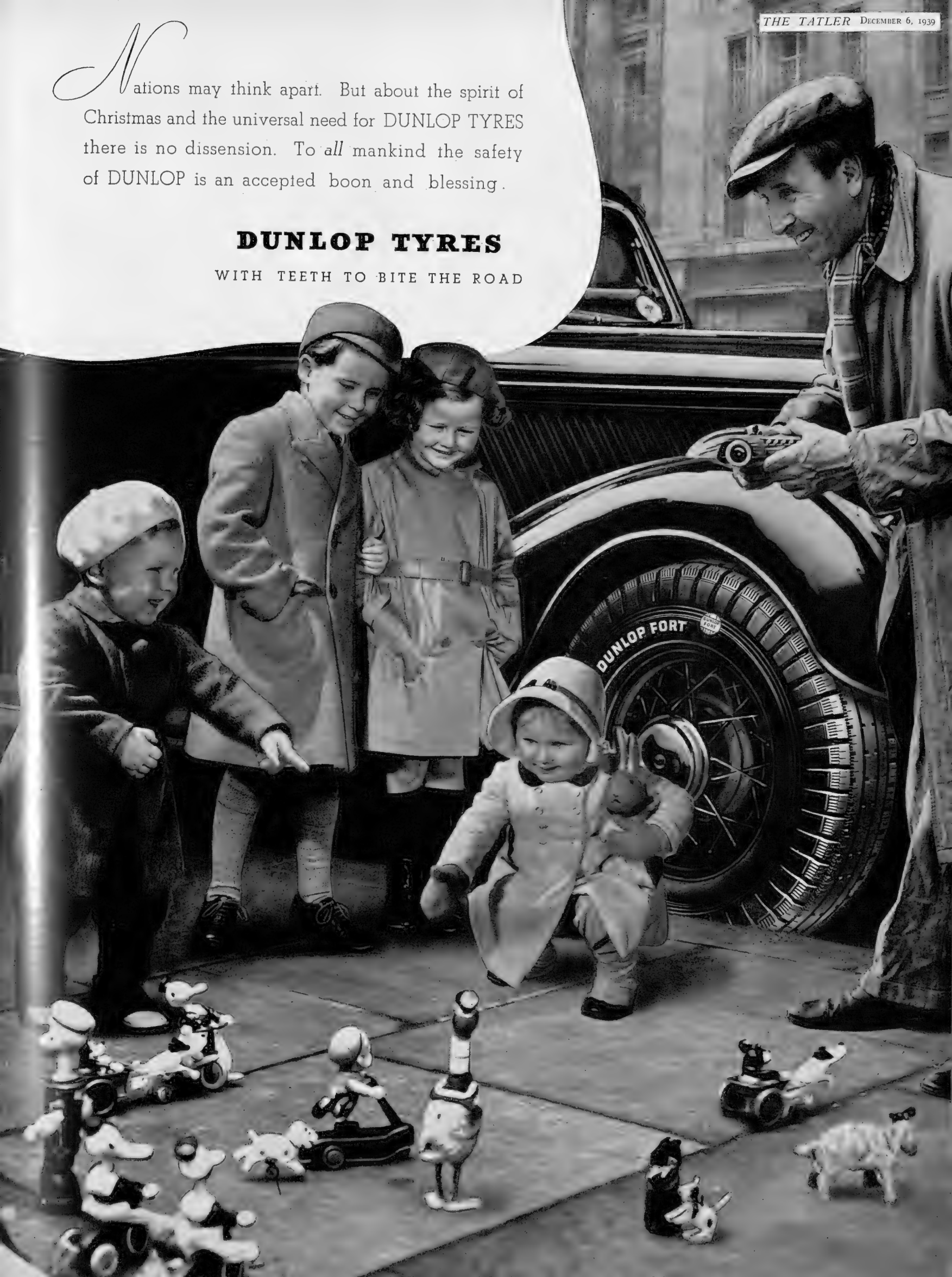
Larger bottles, 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., North Circular
Road, West Twyford, London, N.W.10.

Nations may think apart. But about the spirit of Christmas and the universal need for DUNLOP TYRES there is no dissension. To *all* mankind the safety of DUNLOP is an accepted boon and blessing.

DUNLOP TYRES

WITH TEETH TO BITE THE ROAD



THE HIGHWAY OF

Fashion

BY M.E.BROOKE



THIS altogether charming house frock with detachable hood may be seen at Selfridge's, Oxford Street. It is carried out in crease-resisting velvet, and although it is available in many colour schemes, including peasant red, ruby, california rose, purple, black and magenta, the cost is only four and a half guineas. There is an infinite variety of pyjamas suitable for all occasions at very moderate prices. Lovely nightdresses have a section to themselves. Gauged chiffon breakfast jackets are 25s. 9d., those of lace wool enriched with marabou being 10s. 11d.



GIFTS for men are a problem which has to be solved. Those seen above come from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112 Regent Street. On the left there is a canvas dressing-case fitted with ironwood and chromium-plated toilet requisites for £3. 5s. The collapsible drinking-cup is 12s. 6d., and so is the disk bracelet for a wristlet watch. Again, there is the silver flask



THE spirit of Christmas is always reflected in Huntley and Palmer's colourful enamelled tins, and the biscuits—well, they are perfectly delicious. Some are illustrated above. The "Welcome" drum depicts a martial scene of the Middle Ages, the "Cocktail" is decidedly modern. The "Violet" tin contains assorted chocolate biscuits. There is a variety of other assortments

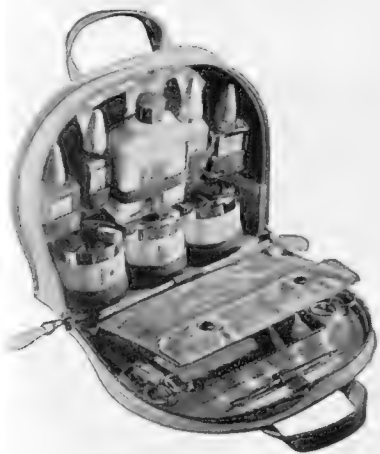
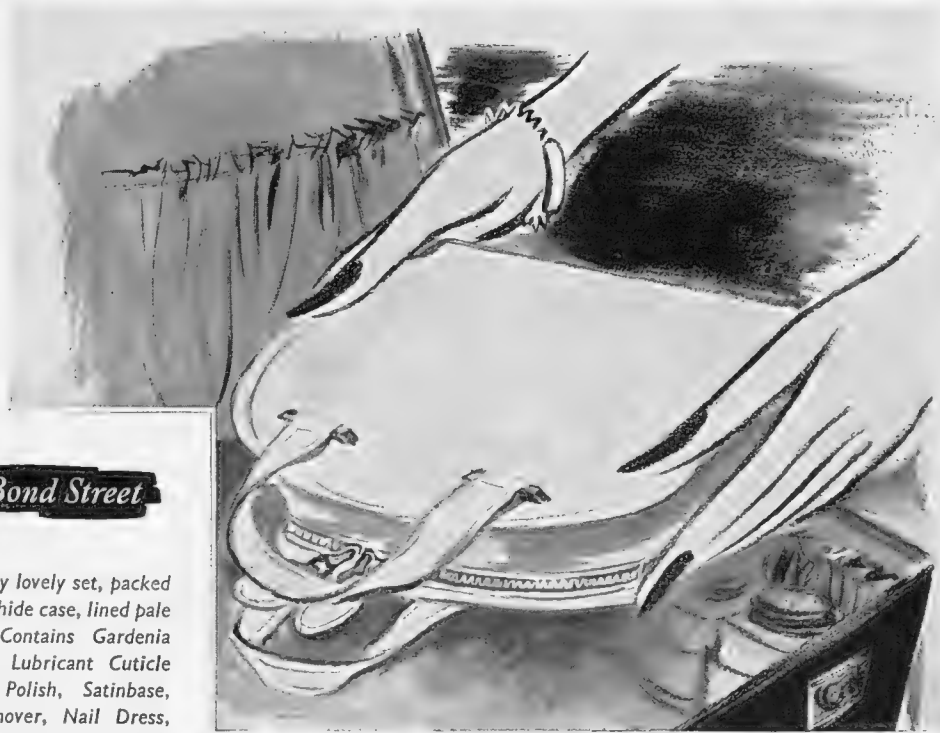


NO one ever considers their Christmas presents complete unless some of Yardley's preparations are among them, including Lavender, the lovable fragrance. For men there are artistic cases containing shaving soap, solid brilliantine, and after-shaving lotion and soap; this case is merely 7s. 6d. For women there is the set on the right for 9s. 6d., with perfume, soap and Lavendomeal. Naturally a bottle of eau-de-Cologne occupies a prominent position



FOR HER LOVELY HANDS

A PEGGY SAGE
MANICURE
CASE



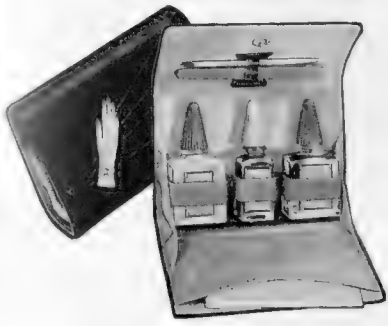
Bond Street

(No. 786) A luxuriously lovely set, packed in a zipp-fastened rawhide case, lined pale green corded silk. Contains Gardenia Liquid Hand Cream, Lubricant Cuticle Remover, Manicure Polish, Satinbase, Lubricant Polish Remover, Nail Dress, Hand Massage Cream, Hand Smoother, two pairs nail scissors, and all other necessary manicure implements, including tissues packed in neat pochette, lined with oiled silk. £3 3s. 0d.



Wayfarer

(No. 782) A new set in navy blue or brown Egyptian alligator; with convenient zipp opening. Contains Peggy Sage Satinbase, Manicure Polish, Lubricant Cuticle Remover, Lubricant Polish Remover, Manicure Wool in special container. Also Cuticle Pusher, Nail File, Emery Boards, Orange Stick and Nail White Pencil. 21s. 0d.



Pochette

(No. 780) A new set in red or midnight blue with a slender surrealist hand mounted on the flap. Contains Peggy Sage Manicure Polish, Lubricant Polish Remover, and Lubricant Cuticle Remover. Also Orange Stick, Emery Boards and cleansing tissue. 10s. 6d.

*A gift that will go
with her everywhere*



THIS is the gift that a woman will bless you for—a Peggy Sage manicure case, brilliantly designed to hold everything, pack up in a trice, and look beautifully decorative on a dressing table. Here are just three lovely sets from Peggy Sage's new Christmas range. There are many more, at many prices, at the nearest beauty counter. Choose a Peggy Sage Manicure Case at the Salon or at any good store.

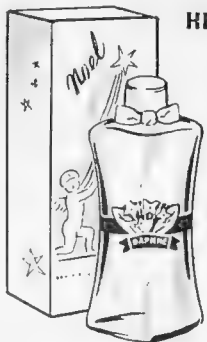


Finger-tip and Toe-tip Specialist.

SALONS :
LONDON : 130 NEW BOND STREET, W.1. (at Corner of Grosvenor Street)
TELEPHONE : MAYFAIR 0396
PARIS : 7 PLACE VENDOME
NEW YORK : 50 EAST 57th STREET

Beauty for You and for your friends this Christmas

You owe it to yourself as well as to your friends—this new vivid, challenging Regimental Red make-up—exactly the same exciting colour as a guardsman's coat! It gives your complexion dash and piquancy—both face and spirits a new lift, a new youthfulness and gaiety. Set of Regimental Red Lipstick, Rouge and Nail Groom—or any other Helena Rubinstein colours—specially packed, 13/6.

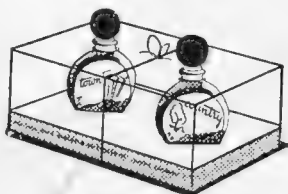


New Daphne Skin Perfume

Something new in perfumes. A heavenly, irresistible scent, flower-fresh, fragrant, 6/6. Box of 3, 18/6.

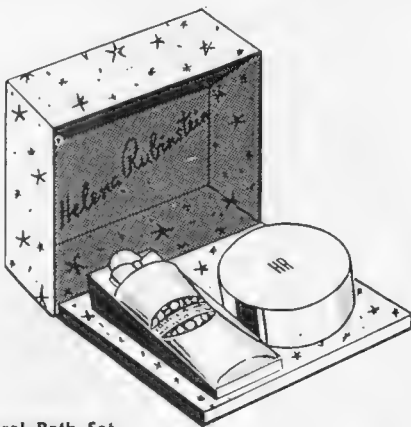
HELENA RUBINSTEIN GIFTS OF DISTINCTION

To be used and enjoyed day in and day out. Fragrant, brilliantly styled, packed with charm and originality . . . a gift for every taste.



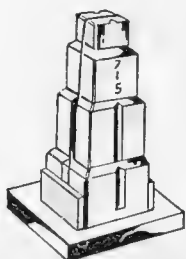
Town and Country Miniature Set

Like gold and crystal jewels, the flacons suggest their exquisite perfumes, 10/6.



Floral Bath Set

Matching eau-de-Cologne and velvety dusting powder, 12/6.



"715" Eau de Toilette

A fragrance you won't forget — cool, pungent, exclusive! 27/6.

Ask for Illustrated Booklet

Helena Rubinstein

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Helena Rubinstein Gifts of Distinction are on sale at all the best shops



LIEUTENANT B. E. A. BELL, R.N., AND MRS. BELL

Who were married recently at St. Margaret's Catholic Church, South Queensferry, Scotland. The bride was formerly Miss Elizabeth Mary Easton, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel P. G. Easton, J.P., and Mrs. Easton, of Throleigh, The Ridgeway, Horsell, Woking, and the bridegroom is the only son of Major and Mrs. Aidan Bell, of 9 Alexander Place, S.W.

Butler Henderson. The service will be at St. Barnabas's Church, Facombe.

Forthcoming

Marriages.

The marriage will shortly take place between Mr. James Douglas Carter, Royal Fusiliers, and Miss Diana Joan Arthur, the service being at Chelsea Old Church; Mr. Stephen Alastair Morton and Miss Lily Yarrow Eveline Griffith-Jones at St. Peter's, Eaton Square; Mr. Jaspar Carlisle Sayer, Middlesex Yeomanry, elder son of Major Carlisle Sayer, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Carlisle Sayer, of Fairlight Place, East Sussex, will shortly marry Miss Priscilla Bruce, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Kenneth Hope Bruce, D.S.O., and Mrs. Bruce, of 3 Onslow Square, S.W.7. The service will shortly be held at Chelsea Old Church.



LIEUTENANT J. L. AND MRS. DOWLING

Who were married recently. The bride was formerly Miss Mignon Boulderson-Gray, and her wedding to Lieutenant John Laidley Dowling took place at Caxton Hall Register Office.



SECOND LIEUTENANT J. C. BUNE AND MRS. BUNE

Who were married recently at St. Clement Danes, Strand. The bride was formerly Miss Hilda Dorothy Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Thompson, of The Abbey, Rose Bay, Sydney, N.S.W., and Second-Lt. John C. Bune is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bune, of Lucas Grange, Haywards Heath, Sussex. The bride's parents flew from Australia to attend the ceremony.

Weddings and Engagements

Tomorrow's Weddings.

The wedding will take place tomorrow between Mr. E. P. Grove Annesley, of Co. Cork, and Miss Ruth Rushforth, of Nigeria. The service will be at St. Mark's Church, Bexhill. The wedding will also take place tomorrow at Dunster, Somerset, between Second Lieutenant Maurice Newton, son of Mr. Reginald Arthur Newton and the late Mrs. Newton and Miss Pauline (Jock) Jervoise Collas, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Douglas Jervoise Collas.

Saturday's Wedding.

The wedding will take place on Saturday, between Mr. A. D. (Pat) Wigan and Miss Mary

Butler Henderson. The service will be at St. Barnabas's Church, Facombe.

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IMPORTANT!



IN THESE UNCERTAIN TIMES
WHY NOT INVEST SOME OF YOUR
CAPITAL IN DIAMONDS?

... *They are always under your control*

... *They are small compass security, easily portable*

... *They know no frontier*

... *They do not wear out*

AND THEY GIVE YOU PLEASURE
—INVEST IN DIAMONDS AT

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*At either of our establishments you will receive the
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COURT JEWELLERS TO FOUR GENERATIONS



WHATEVER THEY'RE DOING NOW-A-DAYS

OR WHEREVER THEY ARE . . .

they'd like you to give them Innox

If you are spending 3/6 or less
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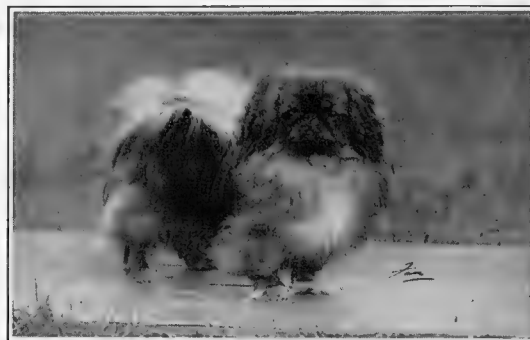
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FOO-RU OF ALDERMOOR

Property of Mrs. Darling

be fair competitions; many of the best kennels would not compete, and the winners at these shows would have a false value. It is the business of the Kennel Club to protect the breeding of pure bred dogs, and they will realize this and that prizes won in poor competitions are not to be encouraged as they do definite harm to a breed.

Mrs. Sugden has a French Bull bitch which she will give to a really good country home. The bitch is house trained and inoculated, also a winner; she must not be bred from. She has a charming disposition. Any one applying must send references.

Mrs. O'Brien has moved her well-known kennel of Alsatis and Bedlington to Boleskine in Inverness-shire, where, I am sure they are all enjoying themselves. She writes: "I've got all the dogs here, and haven't parted with one, not even the Keeshond and the Peke. I have at the moment some very nice Bedlington pups for sale, eight weeks old, both blue and liver. The photograph is of their mother, Flint of Nonington, who is a big winner, and their father is Ch. Henry of Nonington. I also have a six-months-old Alsatian bitch, well bred, house trained and good temperament. Only good homes in safe places are considered. There is one bitch to be given away as an only dog to a really first-class home." Mrs. O'Brien, like us all, longs for the day when war will cease. Her Alsatis are all to be relied on, none are kept unless they have good temperaments.

Although the Australian Terrier has not been known very long in this country he is fast becoming popular. His small size combined with his sporting character makes him a convenient and attractive companion. Mrs. Chesney has done a lot for the breed, both here and in India, and sends a photograph of her Indian Ch. Grendon Red Shadow; as his name shows he is red, and was imported by her from Australia to India last year. He won three championships and five firsts at Peshawar, Lahore and Delhi I.K.C. Shows. He comes out of quarantine at once and would have done well. Mrs. Chesney has a team of reds and a couple of blue and tans. There are some charming little blue and tan puppies for sale, which will go cheaply to good homes. They are of excellent type and will make the best of companions, and winners when shows return.

One of the most enviable kennels is that owned by Mrs. Darling. It is in the New Forest and her Pekinese lead happy and peaceful lives "far from wars alarms." They certainly thrive on it; it is extraordinary how well this comparatively young kennel has done and what a high-class collection of Pekinese Mrs. Darling has got—mostly home bred. They are

looked after by Mrs. Darling and Miss Williams, and their condition is a credit to them. The photograph is of Foo-Ru of Alder Moor, a small red brindle dog, weight 7½ lbs. He has taken many first prizes and as he is only a young dog will have a great future when peace comes. She is not breeding many at present. Letters to: Miss Bruce, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



INDIAN CH. GRENDON RED SHADOW

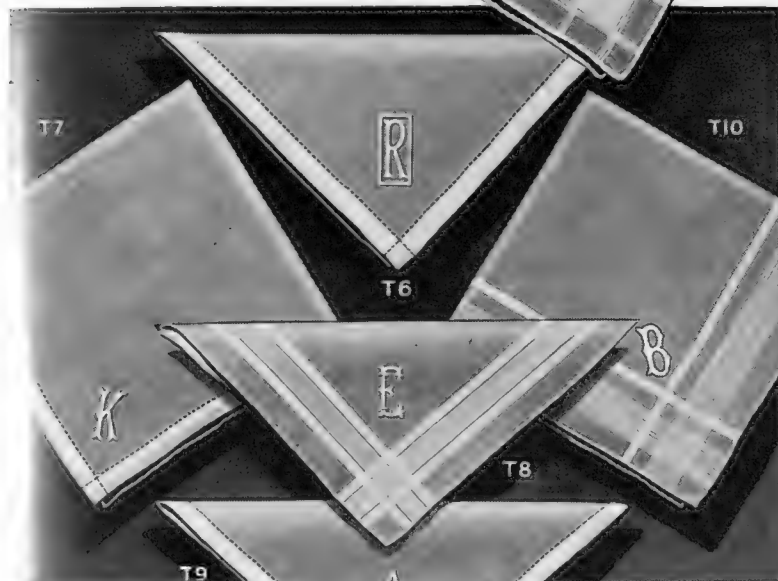
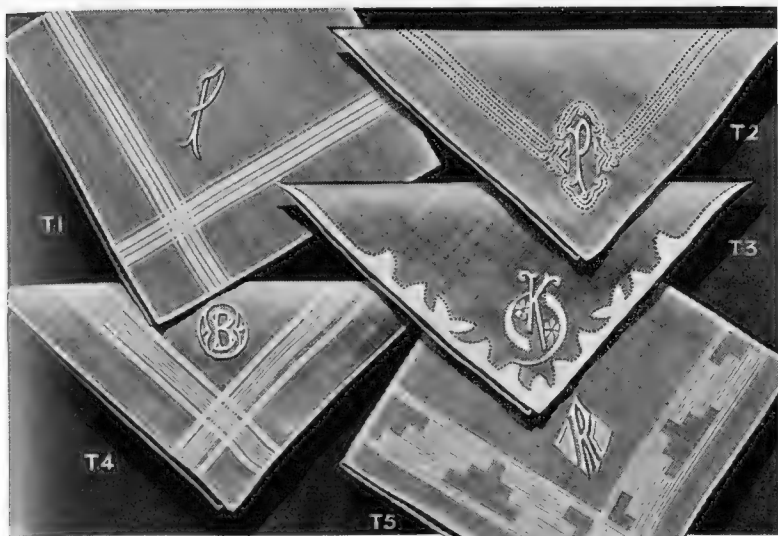
Property of Mrs. Chesney

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

There have been lately a few small local shows held which will probably continue, but it is very unlikely there will be any large shows. Apart from the obvious reasons against large shows, which most people share, they would not

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Air Eddies—(Continued from page 342)

The trouble is that the mine-laying aeroplane can come over and do its job in worse visibility than can the bomber. It only has to find an estuary or a patch of water, not a relatively small target. So it can approach in clouds and fog and escape again in clouds and fog, spending a minimum time in the open. However, I have enormous faith in the Coastal Command and in the Fighter Command, who also come into the picture, and if those mine-laying aeroplanes can be stopped, they certainly will be. If the difficulties of finding them are so great that some of them continue to get through, the counter stroke will obviously have to be directed at new methods of sweeping

Unified Command.

There has been a lot of talk lately in the Royal Air Force about the possibilities of a unified command for the British and French air services. It was started by a newspaper article some time ago and by a further smaller article on the same subject issued by an agency more recently. I went into the thing pretty thoroughly and found that, at that time, there was no intention of establishing a unified command although obviously the co-operation was of the closest.

But unified command is one of the things that have been discussed since before the war began and there is quite a possibility that it will eventually become an established fact. The problems, however, are many; one of them being the geographical one of achieving a working arrangement when such a large part of the total air force of the Allies is kept and must be kept in Great Britain.

Unification of the air command is a thing which must be kept in mind as a likely development for some future date. Meanwhile, it is becoming apparent that it would have been far better for the efficiency of the Allies if the R.A.F. had adopted in peace my constantly reiterated recommendation to use the metric system in all their instruments, and works.

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

There are few of us to whom a diary or engagement book is not a desirable adjunct. Appointments, addresses, telephone numbers, memoranda of all sorts and kinds slip the mind if not noted down or vanish if entrusted to some odd scrap of paper. And the answer is of course a diary, with all its other advantages ranging from the job of acting as a repository for heart-searchings or funny stories to its ability to tell the date of next Wednesday fortnight and on what day of the week Christmas falls. John Walker and Sons have accordingly produced once again for 1940 a range of these invaluable little books to fit (and suit) any pocket or purse. For very busy people or those afflicted with *cacoethes scribendi* there are series in which a whole page is devoted to each day, while others become progressively compressed until the man who likes to see his life spread before him can have one which shows two weeks at a view. While all the diaries are beautifully produced in accordance with Walker's fine tradition for this sort of work, an especially good-looking and handy line is the "Flexor" series on fine paper and with five styles of flexible binding, giving the maximum of space for the writer with the minimum of bulk to carry around. This series ranges in price from 1s. 9d. to 4s. 9d. In any case, any of Walker's diaries would make an admirable Christmas token either for oneself or one's friends.

A sure sign that we are not going to allow the Christmas spirit to be blacked out by any adversity is that Messrs. Raphael Tuck have this year issued a usual their wide range of Christmas cards and calendars, artistic and amusing and have produced with a distinction in keeping with their high reputation a variety of means of expressing that spirit of goodwill on paper. A sign of the times is the feature which is made of topical and patriotic subjects and jokes about such things as the blackout. Other cards, however, keep to the good old Christmas themes of snow and coaching and the bird on the bough, while a particularly amusing calendar bears a picture taken from Will Hay's film, *Boys Will Be Boys*, and as a variant on the old "Daily Gems from the Masters" idea has a Cecil Hunt schoolboy "howler" for every day of the year. An especially appropriate idea is a series of coloured postcards with suitable verses for evacuated children to send to their parents from whom they may be separated by the exigencies of war over the Christmas season.

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 336)

I asked its operator how many miles he could do in a day. His record was two miles on which he had used six gallons of paint. A gang of five hand painters had once done one and a half miles on a good, i.e., quick-drying day; while a motor-driven painter used in an adjoining county held the record with four miles.

Two Headlamp Hints.

The official headlamp mask, as made by Joseph Lucas of Birmingham and others, can be fitted in five minutes. One type replaces the glass front and its rim while the other replaces the glass only. As the latter is thinner than the glass a ring of cardboard must be fitted between the mask and rim to make the retaining springs grip tightly. With the mask in use the black can be removed from the reflector by soaking a rag in acetone, as used for removing enamel from women's nails, and rubbing steadily.

Prices shown do not apply in Eire

PRESENTS FOR PRACTICALLY EVERYONE

Your Christmas parcels are probably bound for many destinations. But whether they are for men who are serving overseas or for those at home, we are brimming with comfortable, cheerful and useful ideas to put in them. If you will call in, we shall be most happy to help you in making your choice. If you are unable to call, we will send you our Christmas book, containing well over a hundred suggestions. A few of these are listed below.

When you have chosen, we will, if you wish, send your presents direct. And it will be our privilege to pay for both postage and insurance on parcels for members of His Majesty's Forces, either abroad or in Great Britain.

IDEAS UP TO 10/6

Khaki wool socks	-	- 2/6, 3/6, 4/6
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for the country	5/6	for the evening 5/6
Balaclava helmets	-	- 3/6 to 7/6
Service cape gloves	-	- 6/6
Ties cut from English silk squares	6/6, 8/6	
Folding slippers in case	-	- 7/6
Hogskin gloves	-	- 8/6, 10/6
Khaki lustre shirts with two collars	-	10/6
'Luvisca' shirts with two collars	-	10/6
Khaki slipovers	-	- 10/6
Self-coloured or marl mixture slipovers	8/-, 9/-, 11/6	

IDEAS FROM 10/6 TO £1

Umbrellas	-	- 12/-, 15/6
Sac wrist Hogskin gloves	-	- 12/6
Leather pyjama cases	-	- 13/6
Lustre pyjamas	-	- 15/6

Wool scarves in khaki, navy, and Air

Force blue	-	- 15/6
Dress studs, links and buttons in case	-	16/6
Collar-attached shirts in all-wool Riviera	18/-	
Weatherproof gabardine golfjacks	-	18/6
Scotch knit wool cardigans	-	19/6

IDEAS FROM £1 TO £2

Fitted leather dressing cases	-	- 25/-
Sea Island Cotton pyjamas	-	25/6, 27/6
Tan cape motoring gauntlets, fur-lined	26/6	
Pure Indian Cashmere slipovers	-	32/6
Tan suede leather jerkins	-	38/6

IDEAS FROM £2 TO £5

Corby trouser press	-	- 45/-
Canvas travel grip	-	- 50/-
Striped silk pyjamas	-	- 50/-
Pure Indian Cashmere cardigans	-	55/-
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Lorraine Clewes has the distinction of having played in the first British film to go into production at Walton-on-Thames since this war started. This is Butcher Film Service picture *Jail Birds*, in which Albert Burdon plays the lead. Lorraine Clewes's first picture was *Prison Without Bars*. Jane Baxter and *George and Margaret* continue their triumphal progress at the Piccadilly, and beautiful Edna Wood, one-time Windmill chorus girl, now steps up into a leading part in the pantomime *Jack and the Beanstalk* at the Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham

By Appointment to



the late King George V

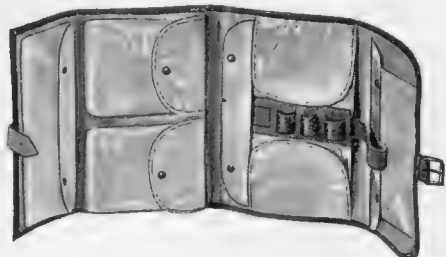


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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 325)

It was my intention before I started to write a note about Major Colin Davy's most absorbing book "Ups and Downs" (Collins), to say that it was a good thing that circumstances had made him forsake the sword for the supposedly more formidable weapon, but now I expect he has gone back to the former like so many other officers who had reason to believe that their battle fighting days were over. I sincerely hope that the hiatus will not be a long one, because the world of the pen needs people like Major Davy who can set things down on paper so vigorously—and so well—as he does. "Ups and Downs" is an excellent title, for it is the record of a G.R. in a large "practice" and there is a thrill in almost every line of it. It is all so straight from the horse's mouth, as you may say, and much better naturally than any fiction. The thrills of any ride in any steeplechase invariably are, and it is only the chap who is sitting in the plate who really gets them. There was once a lady who used to own jumpers and who insisted on holding the hand of a silly pack mule who was fair daft about her. Each fence

her horse came to she dug her nails in. Belphebe Thompson was her pet name, and she said she got a lot of fun out of it! The pack mule got no fun at all. Major Davy says many times in this book that he was always in a blue funk till he was thrown up into the saddle and made contact. It was not blue funk, merely anxiety. The reason why he was as cool as a cucumber when seen aboard was animal magnetism. There is such a lot in that if only we all realized it. The temptation when

one reads a book like this is to quote yards of it, but this little bit about how Major Davy broke his neck riding Jolly Glad in the Champion 'Chase at Sandown, I cannot help purloining. The ambulance man said: "If you can roll a little this way, captain, we can get you on to the stretcher."

"No," I said. "Don't move me. I've broken my neck. I know it. I heard the bones crunch. If you move me you'll touch the spinal cord. Then I'll be a goner."

That made them scratch their heads. Then one of them said, "But we must move you. The horses will be round again in a few minutes. They jump this fence twice in this race!"

"All right," said I. "Then you had better get on with it." They moved me. I did not die. But it was an unpleasant moment."



A.P.T.C. OFFICERS AND STAFF

Many of the best-known athletes in the army are to be found at the Physical Training College, and in this group are many people who have distinguished themselves at some sport or other, often more than one, as in the case of Colonel Green, who has represented the army at rugby, soccer and cricket.

Names, left to right:

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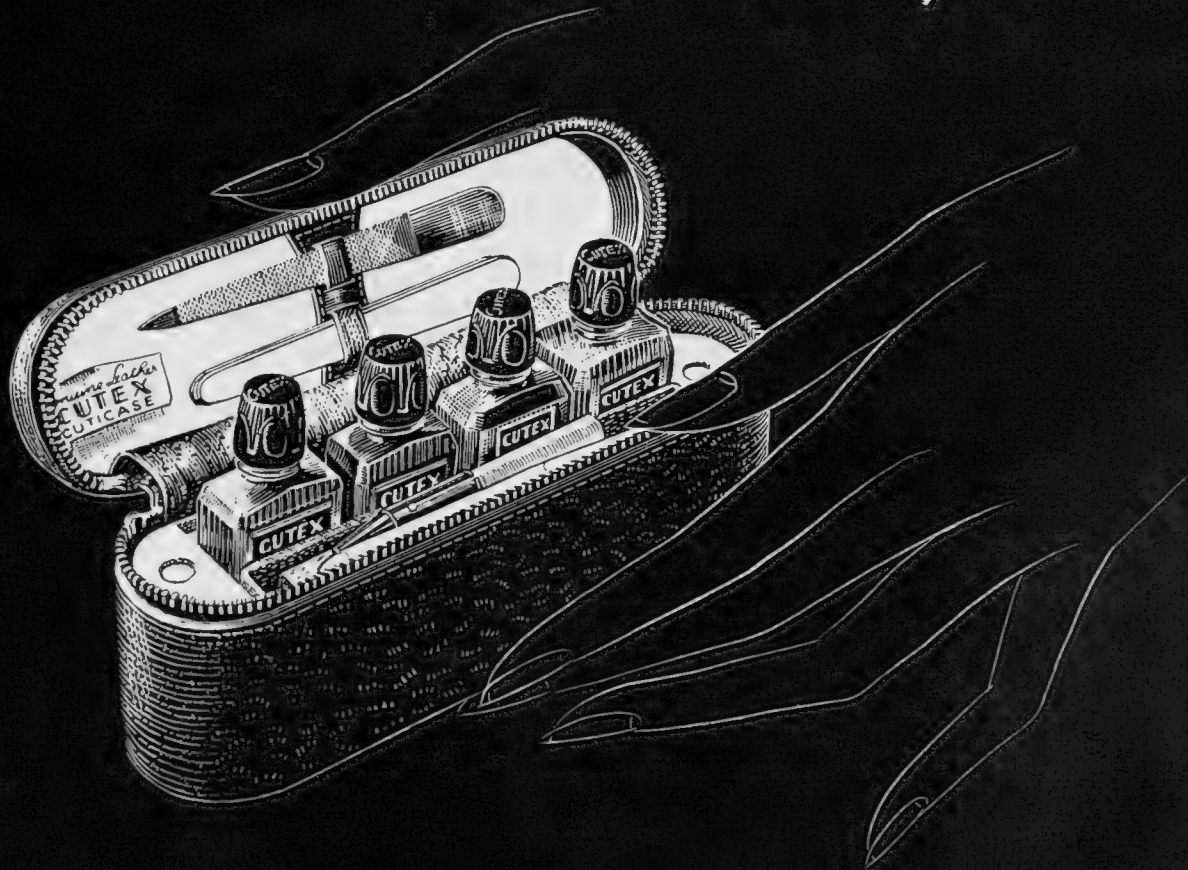
Here are a few of the subjects available—Price 5/- each (Postage Abroad 2/6 extra):—"A Present from Caesar," by Fortunino Matania, R.L.; "References," by Charles E. Brock; "The Apple of His Majesty's Eye," by William van de Velde the Younger; "H.M. The King riding in Windsor Park with T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose," Size 17 in. by 13 in., Price 6/6 (Post Free).

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Particular people get a nasty "jar" when they see "undecanted" jam or marmalade on the table. Hide it in a handsome Walnut Container. Takes any 1 lb. jar. 5½" high. Postage 6d.

6/6

GIFTMAS AS USUAL

at Rivoli whose annual pictorial Gift Book is as witty, colourful and varied as ever. Page after page of worthwhile gifts to suit war-time pockets. Write for this "picture-post" full of presents at once and avoid disappointment

Rivoli
FOR PRACTICAL GIFTS

RIVOLI GIFT SHOP IN GOOCH'S KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON

Visit the Gift Shop . . First Floor

Don't deprive yourself and the ones you love of the kind of Christmas you always have. Let Swan & Edgar's help you to make this year the same as any others—give gifts that have usefulness, comfort, beauty and happiness—the good old-fashioned Christmas spirit of thoughtfulness

(Right)

T.H.1. Felt **Pochette**, lined moiré. Fitted mirror and attached purse. Colours: Black, brown, navy, green, red and wine. Size 7 by 9 in.

Post 4d. extra

5/11



T.H.2.



(Left)

T.H.2. **Flapover Bag**, in fine quality box calf, fitted with attached purse, passport pocket and additional pocket at front. Colours: Black, brown and navy. Size 8 by 7½ in. **12/9**

Initial 2/- extra.

T.H.3.



T.H.3. Box calf **Pochette**, lined with fine quality satin. Colours: Black, brown, navy. Size 9 by 8 in.

Initial 2/- extra.

15/-

Write for Christmas Catalogue

POST ORDERS.
We pay post on bags of 10/- and over. Please state second choice of colour when ordering.

T.H.4. **Pouch Bag**, made in hard-wearing Morocco, lined moiré; divided inner, half-lined chamois leather. Colours: Black, brown, navy, wine, green and tan. Size 8 by 7½ in. **10/-**

Handbags . . Ground Floor

Swan & Edgar
PICCADILLY CIRCUS • W.1

Swan & Edgar Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, W.1

Phone REGent 1616



Presenting

Gala

the liveliest lipstick in Town!

The news has spread fast. The lively, lovely colours of Outdoor Girl are famous. With their fragrant olive oil base they make lips brilliant, fadeless, satin-smooth. Now Outdoor Girl present their famous lipstick all dressed up in a very beautiful streamlined, all-chromium case, christened GALA. Please try this lipstick. There are, of course, shades (including rich, new, blush-toned EMBER) to match all the new winter colours.

OUTDOOR GIRL

Gala

OLIVE OIL

REFILLS 1/3



The Good Companion

THE BURBERRY

No matter how often the weather changes its mood, one is sure of being dry and comfortable.

The Burberry is made of materials that are warm without weight and proof without heat. It keeps its wearer

Warm on Cold Days
Cool on Warm Days
Dry when it Rains

The Burberry is also a serviceable topcoat for warm days as it ventilates naturally and is almost weightless.



When writing for
particulars please
quote D7

WARNING

"BURBERRY" is a Registered Trade Mark all over the world. Proceedings will be taken against any infringement.

BURBERRYS LTD., HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1



HOSPITABLE ROOF

"Can I be of any assistance, Sir?"

"Yes, Hawkins. Kindly rest your shapely instep on the bottom rung while I climb up and rescue my hat."

"Certainly, Sir. Doubtless the wind blew it on the garage roof. It was somewhat blustery last night."

"Blustery? There were cyclones and tornadoes. My cousin seemed to be in charge of the proceedings. Didn't you hear him?"

"No, Sir. I must have slept through it."

"Impossible, man. Having sailed my hat round the lily pond

he threw it on the roof; entirely by accident, of course."

"Indeed, Sir?"

"Yes, Hawkins. A fellow of infinite jest. A wag. In fact a confounded nuisance."

"Of course, Sir. Are those his clothes draped round the bathroom?"

"They are. You'll find him in the guest room, with a bottle of Rose's Lime Juice at his elbow."

"Very forbearing of you, Sir, if I may say so."

"Oh, I don't know. One can't have one's guests going round with hangovers. Can't stop a fella's Rose's. Might be one's own turn next."

ROSE'S—THE WISE MAN'S NIGHTCAP

THE KIND OF PRESENTS MEN LIKE

*giving extra warmth and protection
—so essential to those on service...*

Pure Cashmere Cardigan (top left), 3-ply weight, wonderfully comforting and hard-wearing. In Khaki or natural. Sizes 36 to 44. **59/6**

We have lots of other wool cardigans from 35/-, long sleeved pullovers from 30/- and sleeveless ones from 25/-.

Proofed stormcloth waistcoat (below left), fleece-lined. Will button high at neck. In all fawn or navy/tawn. **30/-**
10/6

Balaclava helmet to match.

Lillywhites' military suede waistcoat (above right), can be had with side zipp-fastening or front zipp (as illustrated), ensuring the close fit that is essential under coat or tunic. In tan only. **42/-**

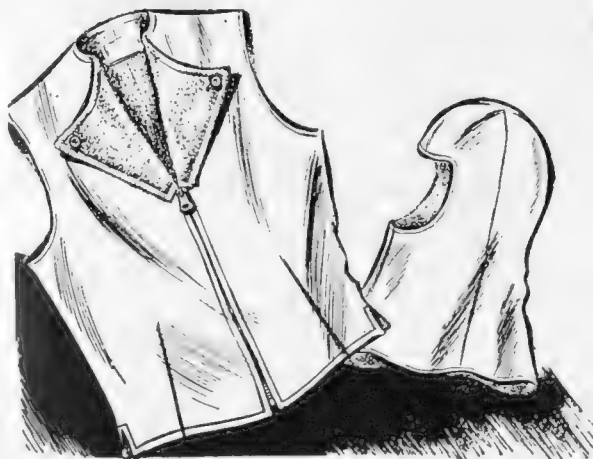
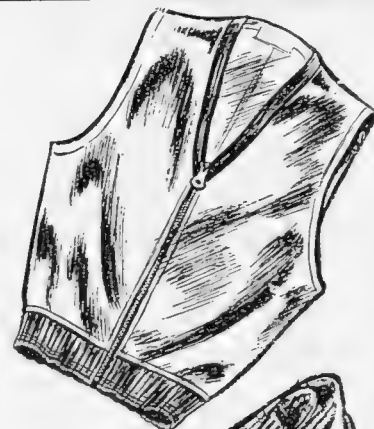
Norwegian Slipper (below right), warm lined in supple tan calf. **25/-**

We have a large selection of scarves at prices from 7/6 to 25/-. The one illustrated is 100% pure cashmere with three-tone check. **22/6**

SEND FOR A COPY OF OUR XMAS FOLDER
ILLUSTRATING PRESENTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Lillywhites LTD
OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS
AND KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Knightsbridge tube station has re-opened



*This year give
SENSIBLE presents*



This figure is on all
GENUINE...
Revelation Luggage

REV-ROBE—Revelation's Packing Discovery—works on an entirely new principle. You don't really pack it at all. 8 to 12 dresses or 3 to 5 suits . . . straight from the wardrobe into the REV-ROBE . . . automatically folded . . . creaselessly packed . . . ALL IN THREE MINUTES!

REV-ROBE is planned on scientific principles found only in Revelation Luggage—it is the logical companion to the Revelation Suitcase.

REV-ROBE

THE TRAVEL WARDROBE NO LARGER THAN A HATBOX

FOR LADIES

MODELS FOR 12 DRESSES
Vulcanised Fibre ... **70/-**
Fabric, leather bound **82/6**
Cowhide ... **£7. 10. 0**
Rawhide ... **£9. 2. 6**

MODELS FOR 8 DRESSES
with compartments for
6 PAIRS SHOES, JUMPERS,
UNDIES, ETC. from **82/6**

FOR MEN

All Models hold 3 to 5 Suits
and have compartments
in lid for SHOES, SHIRTS,
UNDERWEAR, etc.

With fittings for 3 suits—in
Vulcanised Fibre **77/6 & 97/6**
Cowhide **£5.15.0 & £7.0.0**
Rawhide ... **£8.2.6**
With fittings for 5 suits
5/6 extra.

AT ALL LUGGAGE DEALERS
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(Agents for Revelation Supplies, Ltd.)



NO TISSUE PAPER
NO PRESSING OUT



AUTOMATIC
FOLDING
NO CREASING

The ideal wartime Christmas Gift



What with black-out nights and stuffy rooms, high winds and dimmed lighting, everybody's eyes have been facing double the normal strain. Give your friends a jar of Optrex Eye Masks and help them to enjoy Christmas and the New Year, free from all those little eye aches and smartings which are the result of war-time eyestrain. The masks are packed in a very attractive glass container, streamlined in the modern manner to grace the most stylish dressing-table.

The masks themselves are made of a special material, impregnated with a lotion based on the Optrex formula. They fit right over the eyes, the bridge of the nose and the temples—thus ensuring the penetration of the lotion at all vital points. They smooth away crowsfeet and soothe the nerves, leaving the eyes looking their best. Your Chemist sells them. Price 4/6 a jar of twelve masks—a most moderate price for such a welcome gift.

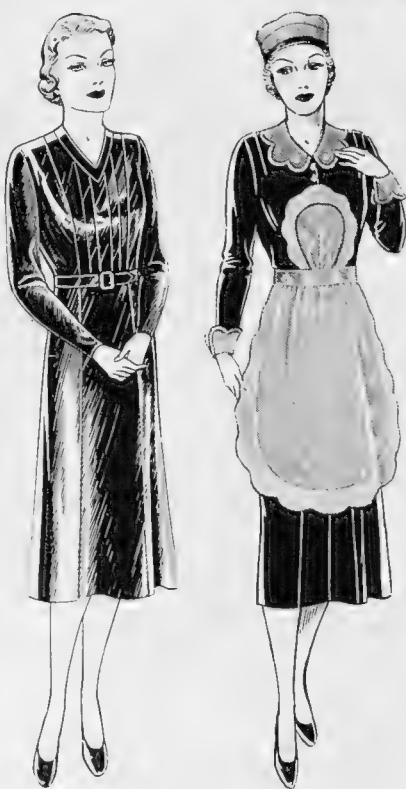
OPTREX
BRAND

Eye Masks

for beautifying...
for refreshing...quickly

Optrex Ltd., Wadsworth Rd., Perivale, Middx.

Uniform by Garrould



ISOBEL. Semi-fitting style with V neck, decoratively finished with tucks in front of bodice. The skirt is well cut with inverted pleat centre of back.

Made in All Wool Repp
Royal, Brown, Green, Wine,
Grey, Navy and black 21/11
Outsize - - - - 24/9

APRON 788. Pretty round-shaped bib and skirt of embroidered Swiss white Organdie, with plain scalloped edging - - - - 4/4

Cap 502. To match apron 2/3½

Set 250. For semi-V neck 2/9½

Beautifully illustrated catalogue sent post free on request.

Owing to the uncertain cost of materials, the prices in this advertisement are liable to an advance without notice.

E. & R. GARROULD LTD., 150-162 EDGWARE RD., LONDON, W.2

MADE IN SCOTLAND

Brooks Type Sweaters



Delightfully smart **TWIN SET** in Pure Shetland Wool, as illustrated, in eighteen attractive colours

Jumper 23'6 Cardigan 32'6

Also same style in Cashmere

From From
Jumper 35'6 Cardigan 42'-

TWEED SKIRTS to match or material sold by the yard.

We stock Jumpers and Cardigans, also Sleeveless Jumpers in the regulation colours for the forces.

NURSES, A.T.S., W.A.A.F., W.R.N.S.

One sent on approval with range of colours if order is accompanied by Deposit on Trade Reference.

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LADY CAILLARD'S SLIMMING TABLETS

Nine years have proved their efficiency. The genuine method of reducing weight without dieting, that is recommended and guaranteed harmless by a well-known doctor. A few of these little tablets taken as prescribed will reduce the weight by as much as seven pounds a week. None genuine without Lady Caillard's signature on the bottle. Price one guinea for a week's Tablets.

Only obtainable from

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The value today of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, The Late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.

Prices from One Guinea

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
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BISCUIT MAKERS
TO HIS LATE MAJESTY
KING GEORGE V.

Butter and Shortbread

The best table butter is used in making

**CRAWFORD'S FAMOUS
SCOTCH SHORTBREAD**

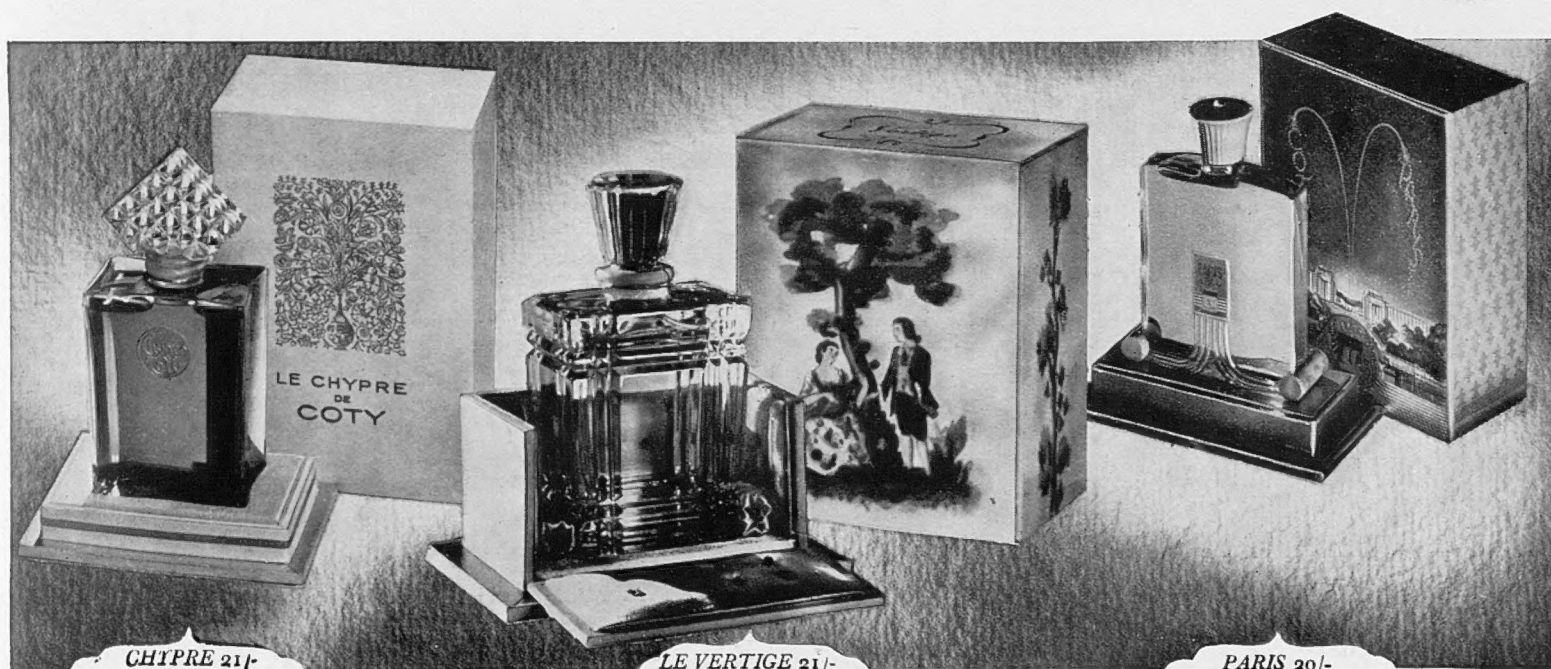
In War time the stocks of best table butter must be carefully kept for the family larder.

The Proprietors of Crawford's Biscuits very much regret to intimate that they are, therefore, unable to make

Crawford's Shortbread

CRAWFORD'S BISCUITS ARE
STILL OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

The Quintessence of
the Christmas Spirit
(AND A HINT ON FINDING IT)



ALL down the ages, from the sloe-eyed Princess of Babylon to the slender vital beauty of today, Woman has revelled in the sensuous appeal of costly perfume. No other gift can rival perfume in intimate satisfying feminine appeal. And, as every woman knows, the most desirable of all perfumes are created by Coty, the world's master parfumeurs. Let your Christmas present, therefore, be the gift of gifts — a perfume by Coty. And what a perfectly fascinating range of

sizes and prices there is to choose from!

You will find these gifts in every shop where you see the picture of the attractive young lady on the left, or the name of Coty. Make a date with Miss Santa.

Coty
PARFUMS
de Luxe

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL THE BEST PERFUMERY AND BEAUTY COUNTERS, AND AT THE COTY SALON, 2 NEW BOND ST., W.1

*"Our warmest thanks for
the Motoluxe Gift!"*



**A MOTOLUXE RUG—the gift that goes on giving
comfort for years.**

Obtainable in many colourings to tone with every kind
of upholstery. The pile can never mat or look
shabby. In nine specified standard shades .. **5½ Gns.**

Special shades and super quality .. **6, 6½ and 7 Gns.**

With special muff pockets for the hands .. **10/6 extra**

The lady shown is wearing a cosy Motoluxe Coat in nutria
cloth with a detachable hood in the same fabric. The man
is wearing a standard Motoluxe Coat at **10 Gns.**

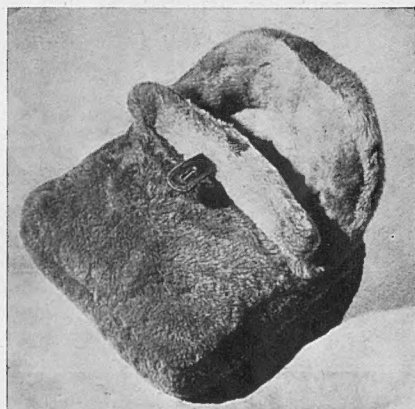
Gloves by Fownes to match the coats, **21/- to 27/6.**

THE MOTOLUXE FOOT MUFF

—makes a really luxurious
present at a very modest price.

When not in use as a foot-
muff it can be used as a
cushion or useful hold-all.
Made in combinations of
colourings to match shades
of rugs - - - **45/-**

Also fitted with pocket at
base containing a hot water
bottle. The latest foot-muff
luxury. From **50/-**



THE

"CLIP-ON" RUG

—a Christmas gift that combines the
virtues of novelty and utility.

This convenient rug banishes the
bogey of tucking round—it just
clips on and becomes part of you.
The popularity of this rug has
increased year by year, since it
was placed before the public by
the manufacturers of the famous
Motoluxe rug. Apart from the
many features which appeal to the
motorist and traveller, its useful-
ness should appeal to persons
whose occupation necessitates their
spending long hours in the open
air during the winter months.

20/- to 55/-



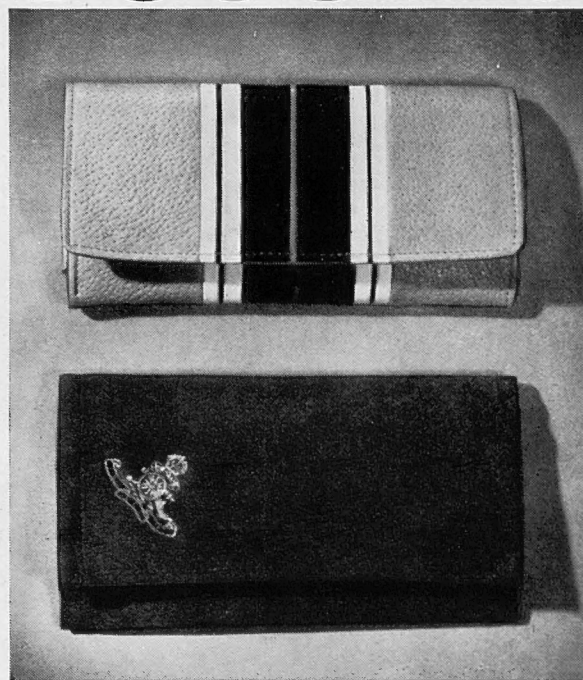
EVERY GENUINE MOTOLUXE BEARS THIS LABEL

MOTOLUXE

The Snuggest
of Rugs

Stocked by high-class shops throughout Gt. Britain. If in difficulty write to the manufacturers:
LEE BROS. (OVERWEAR) LTD., QUEEN ST.: WORKS, REGINA ST., LONDON, N.W.1

POUCHES



Roll-up Leatner Tobacco Pouches in
pig grain with regimental
colours. (as illustrated) **12/6**

Khaki Baratheia Silk, lined leather and
oilsilk. Hand embroidered
badge. (as illustrated) **13/6**
(Also made in Navy Blue).

REGIMENTAL BROOCHES, SILVER AND ENAMEL CRESTED CIGARETTE
CASES, LIGHTERS, MATCH CASES, FLAPJACKS, CUFF LINKS, PEWTER
TANKARDS WITH ENAMELLED OR ENGRAVED BADGES, ETC.

Prices on receipt of details of requirements.

J. M. Lewin & Sons Ltd.

39 Panton St., Haymarket, London, S.W.1

Lips by Lenthéric



The Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller

wears Lenthéric Rocket Red

Drawn from a studio portrait of Miss Yarde-Buller



For you whose skin has a tint of brown from the out-doors.
Lenthéric has created *Rocket Red*—a bright, clear, vivid red.

For pastel-pale faces, Lenthéric proudly presents *Confetti Pink*—sentimental as the last rose of summer, a true pink
to enhance the natural tone of your lips. There is also
Hunting Pink—bright and crisp, in the new mode for clear
red make-up.

Lenthéric lipsticks boast three things of importance to lovely
lips: Constant colour—unchanging on the lips. Fine texture
—neither dry nor greasy. Fresh line that lasts amazingly.

Rocket Red is No. 5. *Confetti Pink* is No. 8. *Hunting Pink*
is No. 2. For you who have never worn Lenthéric lipsticks,
there is a special size at 2/6—it will last you more than a
month. Black and gold cases 5/6. White cases 4/6 and 2/6.

LENTHERIC, 17 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

ENGLISH HOTELS

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

still offers winter visitors all the amenities and comforts that have made the hotel famous.

The ballroom and adjacent toilets have been made gas and splinter proof.

In the long sun lounge close to the sea you may enjoy the maximum of winter sunshine.

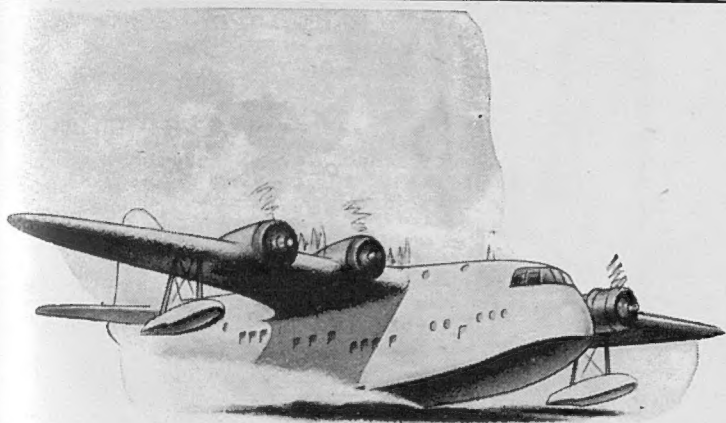
Special quotations for Christmas and long term residents.

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CARLTON HOTEL

Right on sea-front. Full South. Five-star A.A. Private suites if desired. Hot or cold sea-water baths. Tel.: 6560. Garage 60 cars.

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**£1.17.2 will send
The TATLER overseas
for six months**

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GENTLEMEN,

Please enter a Subscription to The TATLER for ☐ Twelve months (Inland £3.3.0. Abroad £3.11.9). ☐ Six months. (Inland £1 12.9 Abroad £1.17.2) for which I enclose cheque/postal order.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TAKE IT WITH YOU WHEN YOU TRAVEL BY TRAIN

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS



FAMOUS SINCE 1885

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

*Bronnley's service towards
the care of the skin today.*



BRONNLEY
1-2-3
BATH SOAP
made with Turtle oil

Not only cleans — it cleanses. Its rich lather penetrates, and leaves the skin beautifully soft.

In assorted fine perfumes
BATH SIZE 1/- per tablet
TOILET SIZE 6d. per tablet

ESS VIOTTO

*for the Hands and
Complexion*

rubbed gently into the skin after washing, will leave the hands and complexion delightfully smooth and white.

2/6 4/9 6/9
per bottle

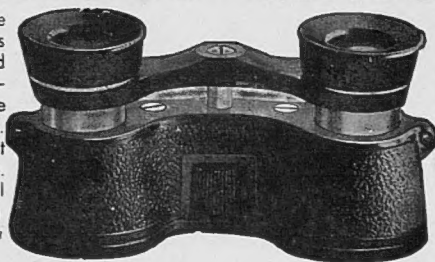
H. BRONNLEY & CO. LTD., ACTON VALE, W.3.

**CHOOSE!!
these two gifts**

**KERSHAW'S
BIJOU THEATRE GLASS**

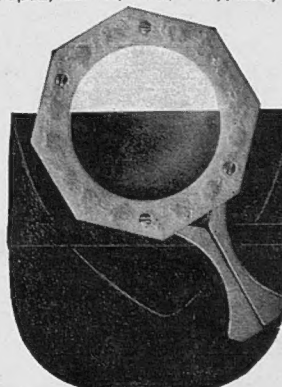
At the theatre the fortunate possessors of a "BIJOU" Glass see with certainty, clearness and brilliance the whole of the scene—the intimate details of dress, the glint of the eye, the pout of the lips. Every inflection, every movement of the actor is followed with ease. And the "BIJOU" is as beautiful as it is efficient; so dainty and compact, it is a fitting companion for the smartest occasion.

There are eight colours to choose from—Lapis, Onyx, Topaz, Garnet, Jade, Ivory, Ruby and Emerald



PRICE 27/6

Complete with Morocco or Moire Silk Case to match.



**THE KERSHAW
MAGNIFYING
GLASS**

combines beauty and compactness with usefulness. The frame (and case to match) are made in a range of six beautiful colours—the glass is of exceptional quality and the handles fold back neatly for vest pocket or handbag.

Colours: Scarlet, Royal Blue, Dark Green, Light Green, Ivory and Black.

Price 4/4 complete in case.

Order from your dealer or write for list to
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Member Scientific Instrument Manufacturers Assn. of Gt. Britain



**Now
on
SALE**

"The Indian Dancer," a magnificent drawing in full colour by Edward Seago, forms the frontispiece of the TATLER CHRISTMAS NUMBER. Turn to the next page, there you will find a charming picture by J. G. Goodall entitled "Christmas, 1854." Then comes the first story by the inimitable Ben Travers, and so it goes on, 90 pages of varied Christmas entertainment. Among the many famous humorists represented in this number are H. M. Bateman, H. H. Harris, Dennis Mallet, Leo Dowd and P. Belieu, and there are two pages of Wing Commander Oakley-Beuttler's amusing drawings of most incredible happenings in the Services. One of Lionel Edwards's fine paintings forms the centre-spread.

"A Dream of Old China," by A. J. Hamilton, and an amusing story by G. H. Lusty are just two of the stories which you are certain to find vastly diverting.

IT would be so unlike Christmas without THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of THE TATLER for all in the house to enjoy. The next time you visit your bookstall or regular newsagent, ask for a copy to be reserved for you . . . and we have no doubt he will gladly deliver it to your home. A heavy demand is anticipated, so we venture to suggest that you act early. If your newsagent is on the phone, why not ring him now and say:

**"WILL YOU PLEASE BE SURE TO SEND THE
CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE TATLER"**